THE

NEW REVIEW.

No. 25.—JUNE, 1891.

THE SCIENCE OF PREACHING.

I.

THE eternal rule of hard work applies to preaching. If there be one principle which the preacher above other men needs to remember it is that the sweat of the brow is as needful for him who labours to feed others as for him who labours to feed himself. From nothing comes nothing. We cannot get from the earth unless we give to the earth. There is a shame, too, which hangs round the idleness of the preacher; for he is not only as one whose indolence indicates a slovenly contempt for his hearers, he is also as one who offers to *God* what costs him nothing. Dr. Chalmers took as much pains with the preparation of his simple sermons for village folk as with his sermons for university and educated congregations. He who lives as in his great Task-master's eye will reverence his work and those for whom he works. He will not be content with what comes easily. He could not be content with what is merely ingenious. For ever he must be asking himself, "Is it true?" "Is it true to me?" He will work not only till his subject is clear to his mind, as crystal truth is clear, but he will work till his soul is possessed of the truth. He will muse till the fire kindles.

But this hard and earnest work must not be supposed to be work within a limited time; as, for instance, between one Sunday and another. The hard work which is requisite goes far beyond the range of the week or the framework of the single sermon. The

work is the work of constant study and of the accumulation of material far beyond the bare requirements of the sermon. I am tempted to quote the following from Dr. Fitch's excellent work on teaching, for what he says of the teacher applies with tenfold force to the preacher. "No one can teach the whole or even the half of what he knows. There is a large percentage of waste and loss in the very act of transmission, and you can never convey into another mind nearly all of what you know or feel on any subject. Before you can impart a given piece of knowledge, you yourself must not only have appropriated it, you must have gone beyond it and all round it; must have seen it in its true relations to other facts and truths; must know out of what it originated, and to what others it is intended to lead."

The truth of this is constantly forced upon us, alike by failure and success. My own experience—if I may venture in this one point to speak of it—my own experience is that in the production of a sermon the unseen work with material and study must vastly exceed the seen work. The block out of which the statue is carved is vast compared with the statue, and the actual lines of the statue do not represent one tithe of the labour the signs and tokens of which may be seen on the rejected material. Speaking of the preacher, Cecil remarked: "He is a merchant embarking in extensive concerns. A little ready money in the pocket will not answer the demands that will be made upon him. Some of us seem to think that it will, but they are grossly deceived. There must be a well-furnished account at the bankers."

It is only by diligent study and noble husbandry of time that this balance at the bankers can be made to accumulate. This means that he who has to preach must be of studious habits, and that in regard to his sermon he must spare no time and grudge no pains. He must treat his discourse as the artist will treat his picture. He must study for it and he must make studies of it; he must consider detail and composition; he must ruthlessly sacrifice the over-splendid detail which would disturb the harmony of the composition. He must be careful in the use of colour, and while seeking to give freshness he must avoid vulgarity or loudness of tone. That is vulgar which so intrudes itself as to weaken

the sense of general purpose. If "this one thing I do" is the word of the Apostle, it may serve as a motto for the preacher whose wisdom will be to teach one thing at a time, and whose desire will be to make that one thing plain.

The duty of making a thing plain is the first duty of the public speaker. Everything else—ornament, elocution, passion, persuasion—must be considered subordinate to this. The man has a message to deliver: he must take care that he delivers it so that it may be understood. He has a truth which burns for utterance in his breast: he must seek to make people see and feel this truth. How can they feel unless they understand what the truth is? The noise and clamour of wordy nothings may produce hysterical results; but these can never come within the preacher's aim. He reverences truth too highly to seek to produce unintelligent emotions. He seeks to commend himself, rather, to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

This should be done in the most natural way possible. The sermon may be likened to a syllogism. The truth to be taught is the major premiss. The correlative human experience is the minor premiss. From these two the conviction of personal duty and responsibility should follow. The sermon should be the attempt to bring the divine truth or thought alongside man's experience and life, so that some help and hope, some aspiration or regret, may fall like the invigorating touch of divine strength upon the faltering minds of human weakness. It is the blending of these two things which every sermon needs.

The sermon which is merely a setting forth of some theological proposition in relation to established Christian doctrines may be excellent, but ineffective. It is a treatise rather than a sermon. The sermon must enter into life. It must not only thrill with Heaven, it must throb with earth. It must, like its Divine Master, reach humanity by becoming human. "What is beyond all humanity ever fails to move it; it is the reason why all the religions of the earth are things of the lip, which scarcely influence the life; it is what remains human, yet is human only in the highest sense and by the deepest woe, that can sway your hearts as the winds the reeds."

And as he must thus be human so must his humanity be as the human nature of his own times. The preacher must not let his sermon be the reverberation of the thunder of yesterday. He may be acquainted with yesterday's story of storm. This is right; for he should study the lore of the past and make the treasures of things old his own. But he should speak his message in the language of his own day. The phrases of yesterday, like the thunder of yesterday, carry the memory of power rather than the reality. The man who thinks to influence the men of the nineteenth century by repeating the phrases of the sixteenth or the eleventh centuries will hardly stir the hearts of his contemporaries.

Yet let not the preacher be too modern either. The "magazine"-fed preacher will not go deep enough to reach the heart of humanity. The man who watches the waves will not know the true set of the tide. The currents lie below the surface. We need to go deeper than the surface if we are to be wise and understanding men, knowing how to act and to speak to the times. The acquaintance which the preacher should have with human nature should be wide and deep. Let him speak of the things which are before yesterday and yet of to-day, and let him speak of them in words which the men of to-day will understand. To this end let him read what is written to-day and also what was written in the days of old. Robert Hall said that it was well for the man whose work was preaching "to make himself intimately acquainted with an older writer, Barrow, Tillotson, Hooker, Milton, Chillingworth Pearson, &c., of whom, in comparison with later writers" (I still quote Robert Hall), "I should be disposed to say, with few exceptions, 'No one, having tasted old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith the old is better.'" I do not commit myself to Robert Hall's list, still less would I confine myself to it; but the spirit of the counsel is good and worthy of attention—for he cannot well and fitly understand his own times, nor even the writers of his own times, who knows nothing of those ages which went before his own, and also cannot number among his acquaintances those great men of the past without whom the present never had been what it is.

The preacher, however, has a further aim. It is his duty to keep divine thoughts before men.

Human he must be and the more truly human the better. If he is the best divine who well divines he will be the best preacher who shows that the intricacies and curiosities of human character, the ebb and flow of human hope, the strange antitheses between men's lofty aspirations and their grovelling desires, the pathetic falls and the more pathetic heroisms, the plaintive music of human hearts when deep calleth unto deep, the sins, sorrows, and the sadness of humanity are known to him. Whatever he speaks of divine things he must speak in the language of humanity. Nay, more, he must speak the language of the humanity of his own day. But he must not be the mere echo of the thoughts of men—a voice answering back to the voice of their weakness or their despair. He must be more than the mirror to human nature. Of him we may say as Schiller said of the poet: "He is the son of his time, but pity for him if he is its pupil or its favourite. Let some beneficent deity snatch him when a suckling from the breast of his mother and nurse him with the milk of a better time." The preacher must be nursed upon the breast of Heaven. He must draw his inspiration from the world which is the world not of shadows but of realities. He must be the voice, even if it be in an irresponsive wilderness, preparing the way of the Lord. He must be the herald of that which never dies in a world wherein all things seem to die. He must restore the poetry of hope to humankind.

The subject-range of the sermon is very great. Judged by the vast variety of topics which have been treated of in the pulpit we might conclude that any definition of the scope and object of preaching was impossible. The latest development of political agitation, the newest social development, the most recent discovery, the most sensational public scandal, the most striking scientific theory, the last novel, the last crime, the last fad, the last failure, are among pulpit topics. How can any definition of the aim of the preaching be reached when the range of subjects is so great and so diversified? I desire to exclude no subject which can be profitably treated in the pulpit. No doubt the most unpromising theme may be made fruitful of good, as surely as the dullest preacher may teach us patience. But if a preacher has no aim beyond passing an hour in amusing and interesting his people, he becomes the

lecturer or the promoter of entertainments, and becoming these he ceases to be the preacher. It is, perhaps, not needless to recall to our minds that the end of preaching and the end of worship is edification of some sort. There is too much of the "variety of attraction" spirit in the notices of Sunday services and sermons. We cannot pass along the street without seeing placards announcing the sensational topic of next Sunday's sermon or the distinguished artists who are to form the principal attraction in buildings which were once thought to be houses of prayer. I recognise the kindness and generosity of those who thus lend their talents and gifts to the promotion of some good object. Far be it from me to suggest that any gift may not be consecrated to the service of God and to the highest good of mankind. But for all that, the modern development of sensationalism in church appears to me to have a large admixture of the flavour of advertisement and suggests the desperation which clutches at a cheap and shallow success of (in a bad sense) a popular service instead of the calm earnestness which seeks to benefit the people and the Church of God. It is needful to keep in mind the divine calling of the preacher. Make the range of his preaching as wide as you will, yet let the light of what is divine shine over it. Let him travel to the remotest end of the earth in hissubject, but let him not forget that as on every land the same sun shines, so over every subject a divine light should be shed.

Here we may, perhaps, reach what may pass for a definition. The scope of the preacher's work is to bring the Heavenly into the earthly—to bring the divine near to the human. He thus can bring back what is better than romance to human life. The world may be too much with us, but on the Sunday at least the preacher will remind us of the light which never was yet always is on sea and land. The path we tread may be dark and our prospects gloomy and cloudy, but the preacher will point out the bow in the cloud—the token of changeless and faithful love—eternal in the heavens. The complications of modern questions may be perplexing and bewildering, the changes around too rapid and alarming, but the quiet hours of the Sunday will bring to us the remembrance of how God fulfils Himself in many ways, and how all things may be

working around for good towards that one divine far-off event to which the whole creation moves.

To fail to put this divine touch upon the wearied and wandering lives of men is to fail in preaching. To send people home amused and interested is not a worthy aim. Instruct and teach, if you will. Interest them if you can. Beguile them from the overmuch sadness of life, if you think well. But strive above all to let them return to their toil with the deeper conviction of the eternal realities, a profounder sense of the spiritual education of this life, and a more tender and unwavering persuasion of the nearness of Him in Whose presence is fulness of joy, and in the knowledge of Whom is eternal life. The highest influence of this kind is expressed in Jean Ingelow's poem, "Brothers and a Sermon." When the hearer leaves the church he leaves it with such a vivid sense of the near presence of the Lord that he is prepared to find Him everywhere:

"I have heard many speak, but this one man—
So anxious not to go to Heaven alone—
This one man I remember, and his look,
Till twilight overshadowed him. He ceased,
And out in darkness with the fisher-folk
We passed and stumbled over mounds of moss,
And heard, but did not see the passing beck.
Ah, graceless heart, would that it could regain
From the dim storehouse of sensations past
The impress full of tender awe, that night,
Which fell on me! It was as if the Christ
Had been drawn down from Heaven to track us home,
And any of the footsteps following us
Might have been His."

W. B. RIPON.

II.

IT is with considerable hesitation that I sit down to write on the subject of preaching. I am very far indeed from regarding myself as an authority on the subject. To preach aright has always seemed to me a serious problem, and to preach at all involves an immense responsibility. If there are any who can

contemplate the duty with a light heart, I am not one of them. To see before you the faces of hundreds, sometimes even of thousands, of men and women; to know that some of them at least are hungering and thirsting after righteousness; to know that the multitude is composed of men, women, and the youth of both sexes, and that the word spoken may prove to be for some of them a message from God and the turning-point of a life; to know something of the struggles, the doubts, the difficulties, the temptations, the deadly perils, by which they are variously beset; to fear lest we should incur the reproach due to those whose

> "Lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
> The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
> But, swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread"—

all this is, to a serious man, a very serious matter. "When I walk up the aisle of Westminster Abbey," said Canon Kingsley to a friend, "and see those gathered thousands, I wish myself dead; and when I walk back again after the sermon I wish myself more dead."

Sermons are, and for the last two centuries have been, a common butt for the scorn of wits and men of the world. I attribute this in part to the depth of inanity, dulness, and artificiality to which, with a few brilliant exceptions they fell at the Restoration, and throughout the eighteenth century. I do not think it would be fair to say that the general run of average preaching in these days is at all contemptible. I hear many sermons, preached by curates and by clergymen entirely unknown, and am constantly struck with the fact that if there be n oneself the least trace of "meek heart and due reverence," the sermons are few indeed which may not produce at least their passing and infinitesimal effect for good. It is true that many sermons—one's own and others'—are trite, feeble, commonplace; it cannot possibly be otherwise. There are twenty thousand clergy in the English Church, and many of us are very ordinary and every-day persons, who have not the faintest pretence to profoundness or eloquence. But then we share these limitations of faculty with our lay critics. We find the tedious and

the platitudinous quite as much in books, newspapers, law courts, Parliamentary debates, and magazines as in sermons. Sermons would be just as bad if you turned out all the clergy to-morrow and put twenty thousand of their most disdainful and self-satisfied critics in their place. The clergy possess no monopoly of dulness or patent of unprofitableness. If very few of us are great, or wise, or clever, we at least stand intellectually on a level with the mass of our hearers. To most men God does not give ten talents, but only one; and that only in an earthen vessel. It is impossible to expect an endless succession of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" from a preacher whose powers at the best are but ordinary; who may be suffering at any moment from sickness of body or depression of spirits; who is, in very many instances, involved in endless work and unceasing worry; whose heart may be aching with anxiety, and whose life may be burdened by poverty and all the sordid cares which it inevitably brings. And when we remember that most clergymen, in the midst of heavy parochial burdens, have to produce—not rare and splendid *conférences* at Advent or Easter like some of the great French preachers—but two sermons, or more, regularly every week, besides various addresses, we shall, I think, be struck with the general excellence of sermons; at any rate we shall be less impatient of their many defects.

> "The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
> God takes a text, and preacheth patience."

There are, I frankly admit, some sermons which are simply detestable. When the preacher is conceited, affected, and manifestly unreal; when he betrays his ignorance while he is pretending to a knowledge and authority which he does not possess; when he is insinuating some disputed and paltry party dogma, instead of pressing home the great, broad, simple truths of the Gospel; when he is indulging in "loud-lunged anti-Babylonianisms" instead of "preaching simple Christ to simple men"; when he is abusing the coward's castle of his pulpit to slander his betters, and to teach the sham science of castes and the sham theology of cliques, or to air the cut and dried snippings of the formulæ with which he has been assiduously crammed at his party training place; when he is doing anything but

"Preach as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men"—

all hearers are free to turn their thoughts to something else with such charity for the preacher as they may. But so long as he is evidently and transparently sincere; so long as he confines himself to preaching the plain eternal truths of the Gospel of Christ; so long as he insists on the fundamental and primary truth that "what that supreme and sacred Majesty requires of us is Innocence alone," I think that the most critical of hearers ought to bear with his limitations of power, or his ineradicable defects of manner and style. After all, the *lowest* claim which any sermon could put forward would be a claim to rhetorical skill, or literary finish. If a sermon attempts to charm the ear or the mind, it should only be as a means of moving the heart. Moral and spiritual edification is the humble yet lofty aim of every true Christian pulpit. It is as St. Augustine said, *docere, flectere, movere*, —to arrest the careless, to strengthen the weak, to lift up the fallen, to bring the wanderer home.

This is the deeper aspect of preaching, and a clergyman must indeed have been indifferent or unfortunate if, during his ministry, abundant proofs have not come to him that even the ministrations which he himself, as well as many of his hearers, regarded as so feeble and imperfect have yet fallen as with dews of blessing on many souls.

But I must turn to questions of voice and gesture.

1. Most Englishmen have a just horror of the word "elocution," because they think that it means something histrionic and artificial, which in the pulpit is more offensive than any other fault. For if a preacher gives himself any airs and graces, or indulges in theatrical tones or studied gesticulations, if he thinks of himself at all, and so *ceases* to be his own natural and manly self, he at once becomes as insufferable as Cowper's Sir Smug or Thackeray's Mr. Honeyman. But confining the word "elocution" to the right management of the voice and the correction of awkward mannerisms, it has been a great misfortune to the majority of living clergymen that they have entered, as I did, upon the important task of addressing their fellow men without one hour of training. In this respect

the Americans are much more wise than we are. At all their schools and colleges they have rhetoric and elocution classes. The teachers study the mechanism of the vocal organs, and teach their pupils how to articulate clearly, and how to bring out their voices so as to make themselves heard. Boys and youths, by going through five or six years of this training, are effectually cured of distressing nervous peculiarities, and are taught to express themselves in public with force and ease. Good speaking, so far as these qualities are concerned, is far more common in America than in England.

2. As for "action," it comes naturally to the Greek, the Italian, and the Irishman, but to very few men of our cold English temperament. It is, indeed, said of Whitefield that when he slowly uplifted his arms in pronouncing the words, "If I take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea," a lady who was present declared that nothing would have surprised her less than to see him soar bodily to Heaven. Demosthenes said that the three requisites of the orator were "Action, Action, Action"; but there is scarcely one of our own great orators or preachers who has used much action. I do not think that action can be taught, though we might be taught to *avoid* actions which are ungraceful and distressing.

3. What shall we say of humour? Is it admissible in the pulpit? I should say very rarely, and only if it be a natural gift. Some eminent modern preachers, among whom I may mention Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Ward Beecher, and, in the English Church, Archbishop Magee and the Bishop of Derry, have made humour the instrument of the most searching insight, and (in the latter instances) of the most refined beauty. The mediæval preachers made free use of humour in their sermons, and sometimes abused the privilege. But we know from the sermons of the great and saintly Chrysostom that he, too, frequently made his vast audience laugh. To quote but one instance, when he was preaching against the extravagant Byzantine fashion of bejewelled and gorgeously embroidered boots, he described the dandies who wore them delicately picking their way to church. "If you don't want to soil your boots," he said, "I recommend you to take them off your feet and

wear them on your heads. You laugh," he cried, "but I rather weep for your follies."

4. It seems to me to be altogether a mistake to be too stereotyped in our notions of "the dignity of the pulpit." The illustrations of the Hebrew prophets, of the great Apostles, of Christ Himself, were incessantly drawn from the commonest objects and the most familiar incidents of daily life. Room should be left for the greatest variety of topic and abundance of illustration. An illustration in a modern sermon may take the place of those parables, the Divine secret of which was absolutely unique. An illustration, and the lesson which it carries with it, may often be remembered for years, when the very same thing expressed conventionally and in the abstract might be forgotten almost as soon as uttered. The preacher might say, like the poet:

> "From Art, from Nature, from the schools,
> Let random influences glance,
> Like light in many a shiver'd lance
> That breaks about the dappled pools:
> The lightest wave of thought shall lisp
> The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe
> The slightest air of song shall breathe
> To make the sullen surface crisp."

5. But what is needed in the pulpit most of all is simplicity and sincerity. What American writers call "personal magnetism" is that impressiveness of the individuality of which Aristotle describes the most commanding element under the head of ἦθος. It is this which makes some men take an audience by storm before they have spoken a single sentence. If a speaker be manly, straightforward, earnest, sincere—he cannot possibly fail. This simplicity and sincerity are compatible with styles and methods which, if they were not part of the writer's whole self, and the result of all the influences which have been brought to bear upon him, might not be so described. Sincerity and simplicity of heart may wear the gorgeous rhetoric of Milton's prose, and yet give us no sense of unreality; and, on the other hand, unreality may clothe itself in a style of ostentatious commonplace and monosyllabic baldness. The passionate earnestness of Burke burns through the periods so

stiff with golden embroidery. South alluded with scathing contempt to the imagery of Jeremy Taylor. Nevertheless, Jeremy Taylor's style came to him as naturally as Milton's, or Carlyle's, or Wordsworth's, or Ruskin's, or that of any other great writer who has been received at first by all the professional critics with shouts of ignorant disdain. I should recommend every preacher to amend such faults in his style as he sees, and as he *can* amend, but otherwise never to think of his style at all, and simply to say what he has to say as naturally as he can; to say nothing that he does not mean, and to mean nothing which he does not say. If he does this he will be thoroughly well understood by all, for heart will speak to heart, and whether his style be as plainly Saxon as John Bunyan's, or as full of long Latin words as some passages of Shakespeare, will make no difference. "Preach so that the very servant-maids will understand you," was the advice given by a prelate to a young deacon; and the maid-servants, yes, and even street Arabs, will understand any man who speaks to them with real feeling on human subjects and in a human way. Let a man but speak that of which he is heart and soul convinced, and the poorest sermon will do some good.

Posturing assumption, artificial sainthood will avail no one long, and even eloquence and learning without sincerity will produce no real effect. "Why to thee? why to thee?" said the burly and handsome Fra Masseo to poor ragged, emaciated Francis of Assisi. "I say why should all the world come after thee, and every one desire to see and hear and obey thee? Thou art not handsome, thou art not learned, thou art not noble; therefore why to thee? why does all the world run after thee?" But even as he spoke the words the good-humoured brother knew that the answer was not far to seek. It lay in the personality, the intensity of devotion, the depth of self-sacrifice which were the secrets of the age-long influence of the sweet saint who took forsaken Poverty to be his bride.

Dean Hook was always regarded as an effective preacher at Leeds by the multitudes who thronged the great parish church. He gave the secret of his success in these words :—

"I am convinced that one of the things which makes my ordinary sermons

tell from the pulpit is this very circumstance that I write precisely as I would talk, and that my sermons are as nearly as possible extemporaneous effusions."

The reason why the plain "extemporaneous effusions" told was because "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

F. W. FARRAR.

III.

THERE could be no greater delusion than to imagine that the influence and attractiveness of the Christian pulpit have gone. There never was in all Christian history a preacher who enjoyed a greater or more lasting popularity than Mr. Spurgeon enjoys to-day. The crowds that used to throng St. Paul's Cathedral when Canon Liddon preached there have never been surpassed. The Pulpit, instead of being weaker, is really growing stronger and stronger. The impression to the contrary is probably due to the fact that, for reasons into which I need not enter now, the average newspaper reporter has not hitherto been friendly to the pulpit, and has not been in the habit of regarding sermons as "good copy." No class of public speakers in this country have been so persistently boycotted or disparaged by the Press as preachers But there are signs that this state of affairs is passing away, and that the Press and the Pulpit are beginning to realise the advantage of an honourable alliance in the interests of justice and humanity.

The Press, consciously or unconsciously, has exerted a very beneficent influence over the Pulpit. It has influenced preachers, for one thing, to talk English and to make themselves intelligible. It has been even more beneficial in dragging them down from the clouds where they had been too apt to sail in metaphysical balloons. It has mightily influenced them to deal with the plain practical interests of actual men and women. Many readers will recall the language in which Sir James Stephen referred to preachers whose abstractions had no reference whatever to the living men and women upon whom they were poured. That kind of preaching has to a

great extent passed away. All sorts of subjects, at which our grandfathers would not have dared to hint in the pulpit, are now discussed there. Preachers do not hesitate now to use illustrations drawn from real life. I need scarcely add that this is exactly what their Master did two thousand years ago. His illustrations were taken from the men and women of His own time, and from the phenomena of nature with which His hearers were familiar. But a sort of pulpit style had grown up which was exceedingly artificial, stilted, and unreal. One small but significant symptom of the change in the direction of simplicity and genuineness which has come over the pulpit is the fact that the preacher of our own day does not speak of himself as "we" and "us," but simply as "I" and "me." I can well remember the horror of some members of my own congregations when I first substituted the singular pronoun for the royal "we" in which I had been trained. Another remarkable symptom of the age is the fact that the old, artificial, elaborate, and exceedingly florid rhetorical style is at a great discount. At one time ministers of religion used to prepare elaborate and brilliant sentences worked up into climaxes which produced a great impression upon half-educated audiences. But the age has become so much more earnest that it will not stand that sort of thing except occasionally.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the new method of preaching is its intensely ethical character. George Eliot would no longer be able to accuse Christian preachers of "other-worldliness." They trouble themselves less and less about the other world, and they take more and more to heart the sufferings and the needs of this. It is one of the most curious phenomena of history that what I may call the intensely secular character of Christ's teaching should have been so long overlooked. The idea arose very early in our era that Christianity was too good for this world; and men consequently thought they could attain its ideals only by living artificial lives apart from their fellows in monasteries or even by going to the further extreme of taking up their abode in some solitary cave in an African desert or elsewhere. At the era of the Reformation the whole civilised world was well aware that neither the monastic nor the solitary life was morally one bit better

than the ordinary life of society, that in some respects it was very much worse. But the idea that Christianity was too good for this world still clung even to the Reformers, so they transplanted the fulfilment of the Christian idea to another world altogether. I need scarcely say that this notion is flatly contradicted in every part of the New Testament. The angels who saluted the Nativity of our Lord sang of peace on earth and goodwill among men. In the same way our Lord Himself taught us to pray that the will of God might be done by men on earth as angels do it in Heaven. In fact the whole of the Lord's Prayer refers to this world and to this life. When St. John closed the volume of Revelation with a glowing picture of the ideal city of God he was not referring, as is so strangely imagined, to Heaven but to earth. He tells us expressly he saw "the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of Heaven from God."

All this is becoming more evident to the preacher of to-day, and is giving his teaching an ethical flavour which has never been so conspicuous before. We hear a great deal in the pulpit now about the evils of drunkenness, sexual vice, gambling, and war. The sweating system is denounced, and the overcrowding of the poor is deplored. We have entered, in fact, upon the Johannine period, and all the most characteristic religious teachers of our day are disciples of St. John. They realise with him that the very essence of real Christianity is brotherliness, and that we are to prove our love to God by our love to one another. The result is that the modern pulpit deals very much less with metaphysical questions and protests loudly against the purely artificial distinctions that have too long been made between what is called "religious" and what is called "secular." This new development of teaching is what has given rise to the present strange dislocation of political parties, and to the much discussed "Nonconformist conscience." Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, with only too much truth, that at present we have two religions in this country: one which we derive from the Greek and Latin authors and the other from the Old and New Testaments; one which we profess on Sunday and the other which we practise during the remaining days of the week. Mr. Spencer imagines that both of

these religions must exist for a time, but significantly enough prophesies the ultimate triumph of the Sunday religion. The modern pulpit is increasingly alive to the calamitous contradictions and inconsistencies of nineteenth-century Christianity; and it is strenuously endeavouring so to enlighten and strengthen the Christian conscience that twentieth-century Christianity may be of a piece and that men may apply the same moral principles to all the events of life, to business and civic duty and social intercourse as well as to so-called religious functions.

This has led to the development in the modern pulpit of what has come to be known as Christian Socialism, or as I prefer to designate it, Social Christianity. In a word, the modern teacher of Christianity believes that Christ came not merely to save individual souls—he believes that intensely—but also to reconstruct human society upon a Christian basis. The Kingdom of God occupies a place in Christian thought that it has scarcely received before except in the teaching of some great Catholic preachers. We realise more and more how dependent the individual is upon his environment. We are not less conscious of the importance of individual regeneration, holding, indeed, with Horace Bushnell that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." But on the other hand the very highest improvement of the soul is scarcely possible except in a favourable social environment. Hitherto the laws and customs even of so-called Christian countries have to a very great extent sacrificed the many to the few and made it quite unnecessarily difficult for men to live virtuous lives. But, as Mr. Gladstone once said, the ideal of the Christian statesman is to make it easy for people to do right and difficult for them to do wrong.

There is one other feature of present-day preaching which ought to be named: it has become less and less abstract and more and more concrete. In other words, instead of setting before men certain qualities and virtues as commendable, it has presented the human life of Jesus Christ as the example we should follow. No doubt we are greatly indebted to the noblest Unitarian teachers for reminding us of this partially forgotten duty; just as, I might add, Mr. George Holyoake taught us many years ago those

truths of Secularism which are, happily, no longer neglected by Christian teachers. In the present day the tendency of the pulpit is more and more to teach that the true Christian is the Christ-like Christian, and to repeat everywhere, with John Stuart Mill, that there is no better rule of conduct than this: What would Jesus of Nazareth have done if He had been in my place? Men are becoming more and more impatient of mere controversy, and perhaps even perilously disposed to accept any kind of doctrine if it is associated with a good and unmistakably beneficent life. We are somewhat apt to overlook the fact that false teaching, even if associated with a beautiful career, may still ultimately do irreparable mischief. But in the present reaction from the ecclesiastical and theological bitterness of the past, and in an intense realisation of the magnitude of the problem of sin and misery with which we have to struggle, men are very indifferent to doctrinal truth, and greatly appreciative of ethical service.

I have not ventured in this hasty paper, written under circumstances of great difficulty, to express opinions with respect to the merits or demerits of the most characteristic features of present-day preaching. I have simply appeared as an observant witness, to tell what I know. It will, of course, be understood that I am speaking of those preachers in all churches who are most typical of the time in which we live, and who have the ear of the public. Moreover, the various characteristics that have been enumerated are distributed among many men in the various branches of the Church of God. I have not been thinking of any particular preachers or school of preachers. At the same time I am persuaded that the general conception of modern-day preaching which I have given—which I apprehend is what I have been asked to give—is descriptive of the type of preaching which differentiates us from the past, and is becoming more and more predominant in all the churches.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

STRAY MEMORIES.

(Concluded.)

IT was at the Queen's Theatre, on one very foggy night in —— I forget the month and even the year, that Mr. Irving and I acted together for the first time. The play was *Katherine and Petruchio*—a hashed-up version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. I fancy we neither of us played very well. From the very first I noted that Mr. Irving worked more concentratedly than all the other actors put together, and the most important lesson of my working life I learnt from him, that to do one's work well one must *work continually*, live a life of constant self-denial for that purpose, and in short keep one's nose upon the grindstone. It is a lesson one had better learn early in stage life, I think, for the bright, glorious, healthy career of a successful actor is but brief at the best. There is an old story told of Mr. Irving being "struck with my talent at this time, and promising that if he ever had a theatre of his own he'd give me an engagement!" But that is all moonshine. As a matter of fact I'm sure he never thought of me at all at that time. I was just then acting very badly, and feeling ill, caring scarcely at all for my work or a theatre or anything belonging to a theatre. Mr. Boucicault had lately offered me an engagement in America on what seemed to me extraordinary terms, but I declined his offer, and after acting in two or three more plays under the Wigan management, I left the stage for many years.

When I returned it was to the same theatre. "The Queen's" was now under a different management, and my old friend Mr. Charles Reade was at the head of affairs. Dear, lovable, aggravating, childlike, crafty, gentle, obstinate, and entirely delightful

and interesting Charles Reade! His play, *The Wandering Heir*, was in the middle of a successful run, and Mrs. John Wood, who was playing the principal part, was leaving the theatre for some other engagement. I took her place as Philippa Chester, and from that time until the present have never lost zest for my work. That was a delightful engagement. Mr. Reade used to sit in a private box every night and watch the play and send me round notes between each act, telling me what I had done ill and what well in the preceding act. I have the letters still, and, were I to give them here, the readers of "Stray Memories" would find very different and very interesting reading; but since I am of the opinion that to publish private letters intended for one person only is like asking an audience to put their ears to a keyhole and listen to a private conversation, I must ask to be endured for my own sake. I never have met with anybody who possessed so many opposite characteristics as Charles Reade. He was so big-hearted and guileless, and yet for moments as suspicious as Old Nick. One moment, with a friend, it would be "My dearest child," and the next (under some fancied wrong)—"Madam, you are a rat—you desert a sinking ship." I have seen him stand up and sing "The girl I left behind me" in the most pathetic manner, with the tears streaming over his kind old cheeks. I've seen him white with rage, and his dark eyes blazing, when some one belonging to me has said lightly and playfully to him, "Why did poor Nell come home from rehearsal looking so tired yesterday? you work her too hard." He thought it was unjust, and simply flamed in his wrath—but oh, it was so sweet, the reconciliations after such little misunderstandings; and the rehearsals were always shorter afterwards. He used to say there should be no such word as *quarrel*, and one morning he produced mysteriously from his pocket-book a slip of paper with these words written in big letters:

"THERE DO EXIST SUCH THINGS AS HONEST MISUNDERSTANDINGS."

"There, my Eleanora Delicia"—he always called me that (my name is Ellen Alicia)—"stick that up in some place where you will often see it. Better put it *on your looking-glass*," he rudely added, "and it will save you a world of unhappiness if you get those words well

into your noddle." I think he was right. Not always so right were his theories about stage management. One idea of his was that everything should be *real* in the way of properties upon the stage; and he produced a little play of his own, called *Rachel the Reaper*, and tried to put into practice some of his pet theories. He had a short *real* wall built across the stage, but as there was no *real sun* there were no *real shadows*, and the absence of the *painted* shadows made the *real* wall appear like anything but a wall. There was a *real* pony, who did his part beautifully; but the *real* sheep, the *real* dog, and the *real* goat really deserved to be fined a week's salary! As for the *real pigs*—well, they never appeared at all! Mr. Reade arrived in a four-wheeler one morning at rehearsal with a goat and three wee pigs! The goat was secured, but the instant the cab door was opened away went the pigs helter-skelter, one towards the Strand, another towards the Endell Street Baths, another here and there, and dear old Charles Reade flying after them, and in such deadly earnest, too! for did not the success of his play depend upon those *real* pigs? But no—not "one little piggie stayed at home," and Charles Reade, in his rage, declared the pigs should be "cut out"—and cut out they were.

The goat—it was a *he*, and we called it *Rachel!*—after the play was taken by Charles Reade to his beautiful garden at Knightsbridge. A little thatched house was built for him, and books "On Goats" were bought to show how to treat that animal properly. But the ungrateful wretch had no appreciation of the fine food bought him, nor of the velvety lawn; and even the thatched house failed to touch his heart. He pined away, getting thinner and thinner the better he was fed. Now, the dining-room was on a level with the lawn. One evening the windows were opened, and when the gas was lighted, in frisked Mr. Goat in the highest spirits. All was clear. He had been born and bred in the sawdust (Charles Reade had bought him from a circus), and he pined—not for fresh air, nor for lawns, nor thatched houses, but for the smell of the lamps and the applause of the multitude. He may be alive at this day, for he was sent back as an ungrateful goat who had no more appreciation than a pig of an æsthetic existence.

How many animals (on two and four legs!!) have cause to

remember Charles Reade with reverence and gratitude!—I am one of them!

Talking of realism reminds me that people often express surprise at the real tears I shed when I am acting. Their surprise surprises me. My effort is to keep from tears. When I, as Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, listen in the church scene each night to Hero being "done to death by slanderous tongues"; to her father's agony and grand championship of her; to the sweet, tender words of the Friar, I ask myself, how can *anyone* hear such words unmoved? And then, later on in the scene, the winged words of Beatrice in defence of her cousin—can anything be more tear-stirring?

But no! some people can't cry, and yet can feel stirred to the depths of their nature. Of course *some*, too, have no depths to stir. Some, when they walk in the woods in springtime, cannot see fairies—even in the evening. I remember a sweet, white-faced old man, who used to go round his garden every evening just saying good-night to his flowers. I blunderingly came upon him one evening, and hearing him talking slunk away again. After that, I sat in the bay window with my work, and watched him each evening. I am sure *he* saw fairies. Oh, for an audience of many such as he! He could not read Shakespeare well himself, but he was so simple a gentleman, so single-minded, that any actor, not "a born fool," would have learned much from him on listening to his reading of *King Lear*, *Othello*, the Friar in *Much Ado*, &c. He would sing a simple ballad, too, with the tears pouring down his face—the beauty of the plain story going straight to his heart, and his eyes just running over with sympathy. That is the kind of people who have been my best teachers. Hold the mirror up to Nature and one can learn so much. Observe a child—a dog! Imitate the unconsciousness of a dog—if you can! A dog going through a crowd of people after his beloved mistress, who is in a cab ahead. "Look at it—think of it, dissolute man. Watch it, and imitate, then, *if you can!*"

To return, however, for a moment to tears. I do not say that the absence of tears shows a lack of feeling. For instance, the greatest of living actresses, Sarah Bernhardt, spoke upon this very subject with me at our first meeting, which was on the Lyceum

stage, after a performance of *Iolanthe* (*King René's Daughter*). The scene was still set. It was a garden. Dear me! how she dazzled and interested me! She flitted here and there, pretending to smell the flowers—she rustled and rustled—shimmer—shimmer went her dress—and flit—flit went she. It made me think the garden was real—my own *stage* garden that I had been acting in. She seemed to me a butterfly, and I—an elephant! I did feel heavy, dull, and stupid by the side of her. It was the first time I had met her—off the stage. She chattered away all the while in French, since she could not in English, and thereby showed her wit, all the time charming us—or *me* at all events—and holding the situation most completely. I remember that evening (when she left off flitting, and proved to me she was not *really* a butterfly by eating some asparagus for supper after the play) she spoke to me about my *real tears* in *King René's Daughter*, not with surprise but with interest and sympathy, and told me she could not cry. But I know that she felt crying, though her tears did not come. "It is a very penurious and sceptical love which must understand before it can sympathise." Although I did not *see*, "I heard her tears," and knew they were in her soul. No! despite all that Diderot and even M. Coquelin have said to the contrary, I do not believe that an actress can really move her audience unless she is herself affected by certain passages. But to teach the art of shedding tears is as impossible as it is to teach the art of feeling.

These slight sketches, please remember, are supposed to be "stray memories"—not set opinions. So I am very loth to dogmatise on any point. But I have received so many letters lately from people asking me to state my views on *Hedda Gabler* that I cannot resist the temptation of speaking my mind outright, though it seems to me that everybody has said everything that can be said about Ibsen's plays. Well, to be frank, I should not myself care to act in them. I consider myself very happy and fortunate in having nearly always been called upon to act very noble, clear characters, since I prefer that kind of part, and love Portia and Beatrice better than Hedda, Nora, or any of those silly ladies. Yet Ibsen is attractive to actors and especially actresses. I think it must be that Ibsen is so extraordinarily easy to act. For instance, how much easier it is to ask

naturally for a dirty bonnet to be removed from a chair than to offer, *naturally*, a kingdom for a horse. Consider the situation, and think of the fever-heat that a man would be in before saying, *naturally*, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" Let anyone try this simple test and he will know what I mean. He who can play Richard III. even tolerably would seem a master in any of Ibsen's plays; but it by no means follows that a proper exponent of Dr. Kroll or Tesman could play Richard III. or Hamlet.

Ibsen's characters are drawn in plain, straight strokes which makes it very easy for actors to personate them, and "dress" them as it were. If only he were more true to reality and held the mirror up to Nature—as she is, streaked white and black, not all black—then I should like to act in his plays, for they give actors immense opportunity.

I hear it often said that his plays are so *real—natural*—true to nature. Very odd this! They have always struck me as being preposterously *unreal—untrue to nature*. Ibsen makes his characters *converse* naturally, and that seems their sole source of strength. But enough of Ibsen!

"Autumn days come quickly like the running of a hound upon the moor." One can scarcely do everything. I prefer presenting to an audience, and living familiarly with, Queen Katherine and Imogen rather than with Dr. Ibsen's foolish women.

To return to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Mr. Bancroft's arrangement of the *Merchant of Venice* was the very best I have known for "up to date" requirements of the stage. How I loved playing Portia—I have tried five or six different ways of treating her. Unfortunately, the way I think the *best* way does not find response with my audiences. An actor has different systems, methods, for, of course, play-acting is scientific—*and much more*—for there are more things within an actor's soul than science can ever comprehend. One could, if one would, say much to the *proving* that our lovely art can be measured up by the rule and compass—that this sigh is *so* many inches, and that laugh so much by so-and-so—but if I could find words I would rather leave *that* proving to another, and dwell instead upon what else goes towards the making a great actor. The actor whose fibre can respond to delicate touch, and

whose face can show the workings of the mind, I esteem more highly than the man who may possess a powerful voice—though, by the way, this is always a very valuable possession; for the one with a powerful organ may be a dullard, the other—no! that would be impossible. To stand and walk well, to fence, to intone and speak with rhythm—all these may be taught, and are very necessary, but what *cannot* be taught goes beyond all this, and the rarer qualities were possessed by the few actors who have filled the niche of fame—century after century—Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Kean; and now Irving fills it as assuredly as that the world moves round the sun!

At the Prince of Wales's Theatre with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and under their management, I played Portia, Clara Douglas in *Money*, Mabel Vane in *Masks and Faces*, and Blanche in *Ours*. One evening in this last play I nearly killed poor Mrs. Bancroft. I had to go fooling around with a bayonet and in fun had to charge her. Whether she moved to the *right* instead of, as usual, to the *left*, or whether I was careless and made a mistake, I don't know, but I charged, and she instantly called out that I had pierced her arm!

Oh dear! I was so frightened. I think she has forgiven me since, but I might have killed her, and then there would have been no *Sweethearts*, no Jenny Northcut—that most lovely performance, which made me cry whilst I was seeing it, and burst out again, hours afterwards, when I was having my supper at home! just the remembrance of it.

From the Prince of Wales's Theatre I went to the Court—then under the management of Mr. Hare. *The House of Darnley*—a posthumous play of Lord Lytton—was the first piece I played in. For some reason or another, it did not take any hold upon the public, and Mr. Hare then produced various plays in succession, amongst others, *Victims* (one of the earliest plays which ridiculed the abuse of the æsthetic craze) and *New Men and Old Acres*. This was put up as a stop-gap to fill up the time whilst rehearsing another play. It was not a new play, but the public just *loved it*, and it had a long run to crowded houses.

After this came *Olivia*, and everyone went Olivia-mad! Mr. Hare produced the play and stage-managed it in an absolutely

perfect manner. The whole thing was a great success, and the best success in it for *me* was that Mr. Irving heard I acted well in it, and a little later on offered me an engagement when he took the Lyceum Theatre under his own management.

In December, 1878, I acted once more with Mr. Irving. No Katherine and Petruchio this time, but Hamlet and Ophelia. It seems a lifetime since that night, the 30th of December, 1878. For one reason, I have helped in about thirty plays since then; the work has been constant, my pleasure in the work unbounded. I seem to have made the acquaintance of and to *know* quite intimately some noble people—Hamlet and Ophelia, Portia, Benedick and Beatrice, Romeo and Juliet, Viola, the Macbeths, Charles I., and Mr. Wills' Henrietta Maria (a pleasanter acquaintance than the real original lady, I am sure!). All this makes me rejoice and wonder how it is that I'm not a superior person! I have dwelt with such very good company. It has been all sunshine, with a wee cloud here and there to give zest to life; and my lines have been laid in pleasant places. How terrible it must be to have to do the work one abhors!

Mine only comes hard upon me if I am ill. It is the actor's lot that he must have no *moods*—and even this is not an unmixed evil. It is strange how excitement will carry one through with work. I have come off the stage and found my shoe full of blood from a nail which had entered my heel on the stage, but I had felt no pain whilst on the scene, although I was laid up from it for a week afterwards. The fiend neuralgia seizes me at times, and what I say or what I do—how I get on or off the stage, entirely puzzles me. I go through the whole thing mechanically, and, of course, act very badly. When I am in a state of collapse from pain I *can't* care whether I act well or ill; but there have been evenings when it has been an agony to me to know how ill I have played—that the spirit had moved me not at all, and I have longed to be able to go back on the stage and say, "Oh, do let me do it again, I can do it *so* much better than that!" In the good old days, the good old actors only acted every other day. That seems to me an ideal state of things. The present time demands more of us, and so we have to play every night and sometimes as many as eight performances a week, without

including the various benefits at which so many actors work for one another. Oh, if only half were known of the expense, the knowledge, the industry, the patience, the goodwill exercised behind the scenes before that little curtain rolls up every evening at the same hour precisely, people would be astonished, I think. They would rejoice when every success was made, and sympathise with all the failures.

A holiday in view towards the end of a hard-working season is a treat to be looked forward to. I shall, perhaps, never again experience in my life the excitement and *exhilaration* of my first long sea voyage. It was to America. I am not a very good sailor—nor a very bad one,—but oh, that voyage—the delight of it Looking back now I am only surprised I did not either jump overboard, murder the captain, or hang myself to the top of the mainmast, out of sheer excitement and exaltation! Out-of-door life without fatigue acts magically, it brings strength and peace to me. At the present moment I am thinking of my next holiday, and my "memory" is "straying" off to the fresh green fields and dainty hedgerows.

ELLEN TERRY.

THE NAVAL DEFENCE ACT.

IT is proposed in the present paper to review the general policy of construction for the Navy under the existing Board of Admiralty, and to consider how far the general preparations we are now making are adequate to our needs. The programme of shipbuilding under the Naval Defence Act of 1889 comprised thirty-eight ships to be built in the dockyards, and thirty-two to be built by contract. The former were estimated to cost £11,500,000, and were to be paid for by moneys annually voted by Parliament. The expenditure on the thirty-two ships to be built by contract was to be defrayed by a fund of £10,000,000, placed at the disposal of the Admiralty by Act of Parliament. No part of this sum is borne on the votes submitted for the approval of the House of Commons in Navy Estimates.

The seventy vessels laid down under the Naval Defence Act include eight first-class battle ships, nine first-class protected cruisers, twenty-nine second-class protected cruisers, four third-class protected cruisers, *Pandora* type, eighteen first-class torpedo gunboats.

Such being the proposals of the Admiralty in 1889, let us see with what measure of success they have been carried out. The official report is contained in Lord George Hamilton's statement explanatory of the Navy Estimates for 1891-92.

The work contemplated by the Naval Defence Act is now sufficiently advanced to enable a reliable forecast to be made both of the date at which it will be completed, as well as of its actual as compared with its estimated cost. The number of ships to be built was seventy, of an estimated displacement of 316,000 tons, and carrying 540 guns, exclusive of machine guns and guns of small calibre. The whole of these vessels with

their armament and equipment were to be completed and ready for commission before April 1st, 1894. With the single exception of one contract-built ship, whose progress has been slow, there is every reason to believe, upon our present data, that the remaining sixty-nine will, with their armament and reserve guns, be finished before the date named.

The sketch estimate made in 1889 of their prospective cost made an allowance of £10,000,000 for thirty-two contract-built ships and £11,500,000 for thirty-eight dockyard-built ships. This was inclusive of armament and equipment.

The thirty-two contract ships will so far as we can foresee be finished, armed, and equipped for that sum. The extra guns for reserve will also be provided, but owing to certain additional charges which I will subsequently enumerate, we shall not be able to supply in addition the amount of reserve ammunition we have originally contemplated.

On the armament of the dockyard-built ships there is a saving of £313,000, and an excess of £920,000 on the hulls, boilers, a nd machinery, making a net excess of £607,000.

This excess over the original estimate is due to a remarkable rise in prices, to the substitution of larger and heavier boilers in the cruisers, necessitating an increase in their dimensions, to the strengthening of the gun mountings and gun pedestals to meet the recoil of the higher velocity imparted by smokeless powder, and to certain modifications and improvements in the later of the dockyard ships suggested by the experience gained at the manœuvres and elsewhere afloat.

Taking the actual cost of the larger ships built for the ten years previous to 1885, they show an excess on the average over their original estimates, as presented to Parliament, of from 20 to 30 per cent. The excess here shown is less than 3 per cent., and including the amount of the reserve ammunition, less than 5 per cent.

The dockyards have been busily engaged during the last two years in completing ships laid down previous to the adoption by Parliament of the Hamilton programme. During the last three years the following vessels, laid down under the old programme, have been completed and passed into the First Reserve :—

1889-90.

FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIPS.—*Trafalgar*, *Victoria*, *Camperdown*.

PROTECTED SHIPS.—Three second-class cruisers, *Magicienne* type.

UNPROTECTED SHIPS.—Two sloops, *Basilisk* and *Beagle*, 1,170 tons. Five first-class gunboats, 805 tons. Three torpedo gunboats, *Sharpshooters*, 735 tons. One training brig.

1890-91.

FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP.—*Sanspareil.*

PROTECTED SHIPS.—Two *Barbara* type, 1,830 tons. Four *Blanche* type, 1,580 tons.

UNPROTECTED SHIPS.—Four first-class gunboats, 805 tons. Six torpedo gunboats, 735 tons.

1891-92.

FIRST-CLASS SHIP.—*Nile.*

PROTECTED SHIPS.—*Vulcan*, torpedo depôt ship. *Blake* and *Blenheim*, first-class cruisers, 9,000 tons. *Bellona*, 1,830.

In addition to these vessels of the old programme, eighteen second-class cruisers, *Apollo* type, 3,400 tons, and four third-class cruisers, *Pallas* type, 2,575 tons, laid down under the new programme, are estimated to be passed into the First Reserve in the ensuing financial year.

Having given a general sketch of the work on which the Admiralty have been engaged, we may briefly consider the several types in construction.

The first-class battleships were intended to possess in the highest practical development both offensive and defensive power. Their main armament consists of four heavy guns mounted in two protected stations, at a considerable distance apart. The auxiliary armament is distributed as widely as possible, partly in a long central battery, situated between the two heavy gun stations, and partly on a spar-deck.

In determining the length of the armour belt, a middle course has been taken between the French system of complete protection and the short belts of the *Admiral* class. The *Royal Sovereign*, the ship recently launched by the Queen, was carefully described in the columns of the *Times*. The displacement is 14,150 tons. The protection consists of a belt at the water-line, 8½ft. broad, extending over two-thirds of the length of the ship, and having a maximum thickness of 18in. The belt is terminated by transverse armoured bulkheads. Above it is a 3in. steel deck. The broadside above the belt is protected by 5in. armour to a height of 9½ft. above the water, over a considerable length. The armour on the barbettes is of 17in. The armament consists of four 67-ton guns, ten 6in., five

100pr., sixteen 6pr., and eight 3pr. quick-firing guns, and seven torpedo tubes. The speed is sixteen knots with natural, and seventeen knots with forced draught. Coal supply 900 tons, equal to 5,000 knots at ten knots, and 1,800 knots at maximum speed.

While the new first-class battleship offers a powerful and impressive combination of all the elements of fighting efficiency, the size and cost constitute a serious objection to the type. It is satisfactory to know that a design for a second-class battleship has recently been approved by the Admiralty, in which the displacement and the cost show a marked reduction on the larger ships first laid down. The following are the leading particulars of the new type, as given in Lord George Hamilton's memorandum :—

Length	360ft.
Breadth	70ft.
Displacement	10,500 tons.
Speed, forced draught	18 to 18½ knots.
„ natural „	17 knots.
Coal supply at designed load draught ...	750 tons.

The armament of each ship will include 4 10in. 29-ton guns in two barbettes, 10 4.7in. quick-firing guns, and 17 6pr. and 3pr. quick-firing guns, 5 torpedo tubes, above water, and 2 torpedo tubes, submerged.

The disposition of the armament is very similar to that of the first-class battleships.

The 10in. guns are mounted in pairs in armoured barbettes which extend down to the steel protective deck at the top of the armour belt. These guns will be capable of being worked entirely by manual power, and, in addition, steam power will be supplied for the training of the guns and the supply of the ammunition.

The armour protection of the hull proper consists of a belt of armour, having a maximum thickness of 12in., extending over a length exceeding 200ft. amidships, being completed by armoured bulkheads, with a steel deck from 2in. to 2½in. in thickness at the top of the belt. Before and abaft the armour belt a strong protective under-water deck completes the protection to the bow and stern.

Above the thick belt the broadside will be protected to a height of 9½ft. above water by steel armour and wood backing equivalent to a total thickness of 4in. of steel.

Screen bulkheads, similarly armoured, complete the protection to the sides of the barbettes.

The barbette armour has a maximum thickness of 9in.

The guns forming the auxiliary armament and their crews are also well protected, either by fixed casemates, or by strong shields revolving with the mountings.

The heavy guns forward are carried at a height of 25ft. above water, and those aft a trifle lower.

These ships, like the first-class barbette battleships, will be of high freeboard throughout their length, with a flush upper deck.

If these vessels are completed without further demands being made upon them for additional weights to be carried in connection with the armament or equipment, they will be capable of carrying 50 per cent. more coal than has been named above, and bunker space sufficient to carry this full supply has been provided.

The first-class protected cruisers, of which the *Royal Arthur*, launched by her Majesty at Portsmouth, is a specimen, are described by Lord George Hamilton in the memorandum accompanying the Navy Estimates for 1889-90. The following are the leading particulars :—

Length	360ft.
Breadth	60ft.
Maximum load draught	23.9ft.
Displacement at load draught...	7,350 tons
Speed, forced draught	19.5 knots.
„ natural „	18.5 „
Coal capacity at load draught...	850 tons.
Armament	2 9½in. b.l., 10 6in., 16 smaller q.f. guns.
Total cost	£397,000

This type presents a noble appearance in the water, and in point of seaworthiness would seem to leave nothing to be desired.

The second-class cruisers are of two types. The *Apollo* presents the following leading features :—

Length	300ft.
Breadth	43ft.
Maximum load draught	16.6ft.
Displacement, load draught	3,400 tons.
Speed, forced draught...	19.25 knots.
„ natural „	18.25 „
Coal capacity	400 tons.
Armament	2 6in., 6 4.7in., 9 6pr. and 3pr. q.f. guns.

In his memorandum accompanying the Navy Estimates for 1891-92, Lord George Hamilton states that the experience gained during the manœuvres has led the Admiralty to modify the designs

for the second-class cruisers remaining to be built. The following are the leading particulars of the new *Astræa* class :—

Length	320ft.
Breadth	49·5ft.
Displacement	4,360 tons.
Speed, forced draught...	19½ knots.
,, natural ,, ...	18¼ ,,
Armament	... 2 6in. q.f. bow and stern chasers, 8 4·7in. q.f. broadside guns; 9 6pr. and 3pr. q.f. guns; 4 torpedo tubes.

The thickness of the protective deck, and the protection to the machinery, as well as the coal supply, are identical with the *Apollo* class. The eight vessels of the *Astræa* class are to be wood sheathed and coppered. As compared with the *Apollo* class, the essential difference is a high freeboard throughout the length, and a flush upper deck, instead of a poop, forecastle, and waist.

Two 4·7in. guns have been added to the broadside armament, the whole of which is carried on the upper deck in the *Astræa* class at about 8ft. greater height above water than in the *Apollo* class. This increase in dimensions, combined with higher freeboard, will greatly facilitate the continuous maintenance of a high rate of speed in a seaway.

The following are the leading particulars of the third-class cruisers :—

Length	265ft.
Breadth	41ft.
Displacement, load draught	2,575 tons.
Speed, forced draught...	19 knots.
,, natural ,, ...	16·5 ,,
Coal capacity	300 tons.
Armament	8 4·7-in., 8 3pr. q.f. guns.

The torpedo-gunboats are chiefly remarkable for their combination of high-speed with sea-going qualities, such as will enable them to cruise with a fleet.

The *Alarm* and her consorts are an improvement on the *Sharpshooter*.

Displacement at load draught	810 tons
Speed, forced draught	19·75 knots.
Coal capacity	100 tons.
Armament	2 4·7-in., 4 3-pr. q.f. guns.

Taking a broad view of the construction now in progress, it may be confidently affirmed that it presents the best types which, in the existing state of the science of naval architecture, can be designed within the prescribed limits of tonnage. In the cruisers, ingenuity has been strained to excess in the attempt to give extreme speed and a formidable armament. The cruisers of the future will be of large dimensions, and more weight will be allowed for boilers and machinery.

Having described the construction in progress in Great Britain, let us turn to the shipbuilding of foreign Powers. For the French Navy ten ironclads are in hand.

The *Neptune*, 10,600 tons, commenced in 1882, will be ready for steam trials in 1891. *Brennus*, 11,000 tons, commenced 1887, will be completed, it is hoped, in 1893. *Tréhouart*, *Furieux* type, has been recently laid down. The *Magenta*, sister ship to *Neptune*, commenced at Toulon 1883, is advanced to eighty-hundredths. Three ironclads, *Bouvines*, *Jemmappes*, *Calmy*, each of 6,700 tons, building by contract, are to be advanced to thirty-eight-hundredths in the present year.

In the class of armoured cruisers, the *Dupuy de Lôme*, 6,300 tons, laid down at Brest, July, 1886, is to be completed in 1892. The *Charner* and *Bruix*, 4,745 tons, are building at Rochefort. The sister ships, *Latouche-Treville* and *Chanzy*, are building by contract, the former at Havre and the latter at Bordeaux.

Passing to the cruisers, the *Alger*, 4,120 tons, commenced in 1887, will be completed in 1891. The sister ship, *Isly*, commenced at Brest, August, 1887, will be advanced to seventy-hundredths in 1891.

Of the third-class cruisers, the *Suchet*, 3,030 tons, commenced at Toulon, October, 1887, will be advanced to sixty-two hundredths in 1891. The *Bugeaud*, *Chasseloup-Lambat*, and *Friant*, of the *Suchet* type improved, 3,600 tons, will be laid down at Cherbourg, Brest, and Toulon.

The torpedo-cruiser, *Wattignies*, 1,310 tons, building at Rochefort, commenced October, 1889, will be completed in 1892. The *Fleurus*, sister ship, is to be commenced at Cherbourg.

The torpedo-sloops, *Levrier* and *Leger*, 450 tons, building at

L'Orient, will be completed in 1891. Three similar vessels, the *Catinat*, *Iberville*, and *Lavoisie*, are to be built by contract.

Two armoured gunboats, first-class, 1,640 tons, are in hand. The *Phlegeton*, commenced 1885, will be completed 1892. The *Styx*, commenced 1889, will be advanced to sixty-eight-hundredths in 1891.

The transport *Manche* will be completed at Cherbourg in 1891. No work is to be done on the transports *Vaucluse* and *Pacifique*, or the sailing frigate *Andromède*.

Seventeen sea-going torpedo-boats, twenty-four first-class boats, and fifty-six second-class will be in hand in 1891.

A few details may be added with reference to types. The *Neptune* and *Magenta* present the general features of first-class battleships in the French Navy. They have a belt at the water-line along the whole length, high freeboard, the sides above the water-line unprotected by armour. Two 52-ton guns are mounted singly in barbettes, forward and aft, on the centre line. Two 28-ton guns in barbette are carried on sponsors amidships. The *Brennus* has a displacement of 11,000 tons. The armament consists of three 52-ton guns and twenty-six quick-firing guns. The speed will be eighteen knots. The *Jauréguibery* and *Lazare Carnot* have a displacement of 11,988 tons, speed eighteen knots, armament two 52-ton, two 23-ton, and sixteen quick-firing guns. The second-class ships, of the *Furieux* type, carry two 52-ton guns in two barbettes, forward and aft, on the centre line. Numerous quick-firing guns are mounted on the superstructure. The speed is seventeen knots.

The German Navy Estimates for 1890-91 amount to £4,440,000.

The following is a list of the ships in construction.

Four ironclads of the first-class, having a displacement of 10,000 tons, i.h.p.14,000, speed seventeen knots, protection 16in. armour at the belt and 12in. armour on the turrets. Their heavy armament will consist of 44-ton guns, capable of piercing 30in. of armour. The estimated cost is £480,000. They are to be completed in 1894.

Two coast-defence ironclads, displacement 3,600 tons, speed

sixteen knots, protection by a belt of 10-in. armour, armament three 12in. guns, two forward and one abaft, in barbette-turrets protected by 10in. armour, and six quick-firing guns.

Two cruisers, 5,000 to 5,500 tons ; one cruiser, 3,600 tons, twenty knots ; one cruiser, 1,800 to 1,900 tons, eighteen to nineteen knots; one cruiser, 1,580 tons ; one torpedo-sloop, 700 to 800 tons, twenty-two knots.

Two cruisers to replace *Adler* and *Ebber*, 1,800 tons. A yacht completes the list.

The Italian Government proposes to expend about £3,000,000 for additions to its navy during its current financial year. Three principal types have been adopted—(*a*) First-class battleships of about 14,000 tons, (*b*) second-class battleships of about 8,000 tons, and (*c*) cruisers of 4,000 tons. The greatest possible speed and gun-power is to be given to each class of vessels.

The following summary of vessels in construction is taken from *Le Yacht* :—The *Rè Umberto*, 13,090 tons, eighteen knots, built at Castellamare, is to be completed in 1891. Five similar ironclads are in hand. The first of these, the *Sicilea*, was commenced at Venice in 1884, and will probably be finished in 1893. The *Sardegna* has been building at Spezzia since 1886, and should be completed in 1894. Three other ironclads of the same type are provided for in the Navy Estimates.

Eight cruisers are in construction. The *Umbria* and *Lombardia*, 2,300 tons, commenced 1888, are to be completed 1891. The *Etruria* and *Liguria*, of the same improved *Dogali* type, should be completed in 1892. The *Marco Polo*, 4,460 tons, commenced at Castellamare in 1889, will be completed in 1893.

Three vessels of the *Etna* type are to be put in hand. They have a displacement of 3,530 tons, speed seventeen knots, armament two 24-ton guns, and numerous quick-firers.

Thirteen torpedo-sloops are in construction, including three not yet named, and the *Minerva*, *Arethusa*, and *Urania*, 846 tons, to be completed in 1891 and 1892. Eight vessels of the same type are to be commenced.

The building of sea-going torpedo-boats is being vigorously pushed forward.

We now come to the Russian Navy. The following details are taken from the *Engineer* :—

In 1883, three large ironclads—the *Tchesma*, *Sinope*, and *Ekaterina II.*—were commenced in the Black Sea. They are of 10,150 tons and 13,000h.p., and carry six 12in. 50-ton guns in a pear-shaped barbette. The three Russian vessels are practically complete. In 1884 two ironclads, the *Alexander II.* and *Nicholas I.*, were commenced in the Baltic: they are of 8,500 tons. The former was launched in 1887 and the latter in 1890 They are of the armoured cruiser type, having a complete belt of 14in. armour. Two other ironclads are under construction in the Baltic and two in the Black Sea. It is in cruisers that Russia has shown the greatest progress and ability in construction. The *Duke of Edinburgh* was followed in 1880 by the *Vladimer Monomakh* with a 6in. belt, and a speed of 15½ knots. In 1881, the sister vessel *Dimitri Donskoi* was commenced. Then came the *Admiral Nachimoff*, a copy of our *Impérieuse* and *Warspite*, in which the displacement was increased to 8,000 tons, and the speed to 16½ knots. All three vessels were employed in the Chinese seas, and were much superior to the *Audacious* class, which, for many years, were sent to the Pacific and China as flagships. Another efficient cruiser is the *Pamyat Azova*, a vessel of 6,000 tons, with a 6in. belt and a speed of eighteen knots. Through all these years Russia has adhered to the belted cruiser. Horizontal armour has failed to charm her. No copies of the *Blake* and *Blenheim* will be seen in the Russian Navy. Her latest idea of an armoured cruiser can be found in the vessel of which the keel has just been laid. It is stated that this vessel is to be 426ft. long, with a beam of 67ft., and a displacement of 11,000 tons. She will have an armoured belt for 340ft. of her length, associated with 2½in. deck protection. The coal supply is to give a radius of 20,000 miles at ten knots. The proposed armament is to consist of thirty-four guns, varying in calibre from 8in. to 4·7in., the anticipated speed is eighteen knots with natural draught. It may be observed that, having the same beam as the *Blake* and *Blenheim*, the latest type of Russian cruiser is to be 50ft. longer, which will give many advantages for distant cruising and long voyages.

And now let us ask ourselves, has the Defence Act made England safe? The answer to this question can only be found by comparing the naval forces at our disposal with those of other powers. The Admiralty have laid down as the standard for Great Britain that our navy should be equal in strength to the combined navies of any other two nations.

In the discussion on the French Navy Estimates, M. Gerville-Reache, the reporter of the Budget Committee, compared the fleets

of France, the three allied Powers, and England, stating that "these Powers will have in 1895 the following vessels: Ironclads of 10,000 tons or over, France 13, Triple Alliance 17, England 22; ironclads of less than 10,000 tons, France 20, the Triple Alliance 30, England 32; coastguard ships and gunboats plated, France 22, the Triple Alliance 29, England 15; plated cruisers of more than 4,000 tons, France 11, the Triple Alliance 13, England 31; plated cruisers of from 2,000 to 4,000 tons, France 5, the Triple Alliance 17, England 51; despatch boats and small rapid cruisers, France 13, the Triple Alliance 18, England 36; counter torpedo-boats, France 13, the Triple Alliance 39, England 44; torpedo-boats, France 187, the Triple Alliance 372, England 156. There will be besides to carry the torpedoes seven special vessels among the united Powers, three in England, and none in France. Lastly, France will have 16 cruisers of the old type, the Triple Alliance 24, and England 15." M. Gerville-Reache arrived finally at the conclusion that France will have 299 ships fit for service, the Triple Alliance 556, and England 402.

If we look back fifty years it must be evident to the most anxious alarmist that the position of Great Britain in the scale of nations has been greatly raised. A combination of the French and the Turkish fleets would not be viewed by Lord Salisbury with the apprehension which was felt in 1840 by Lord Melbourne.

BRASSEY.

ON THE OCCASION OF "HEDDA GABLER."

WHETHER or no Henrik Ibsen be a master of his art, he has had a fortune that, in the English-speaking world, falls not always even to the masters—the fortune not only of finding himself the theme of many pens and tongues, but the rarer privilege and honour of acting as a sort of register of the critical atmosphere, a barometer of the intellectual weather. Interesting or not in himself (the word on this point varies from the fullest affirmation to the richest denial), he has sounded in our literary life a singularly interesting hour. At any rate he himself constitutes an episode, an event, if the sign of such action be to have left appearances other than you found them. He has cleared up the air we breathe and set a copy to our renouncement; has made many things wonderfully plain and quite mapped out the prospect. Whenever such service is rendered, the attentive spirit is the gainer; these are its moments of amplest exercise. Illusions are sweet to the dreamer, but not so to the observer, who has a horror of a fool's paradise. Henrik Ibsen will have led him inexorably into the rougher road. Such recording and illuminating agents are precious; they tell us where we are in the thickening fog of life, and we feel for them much of the grateful respect excited in us at sea, in dim weather, by the exhibition of the mysterious instrument with which the captain takes an observation. We have held *Ghosts*, or *Rosmersholm*, or *Hedda Gabler* in our hand, and *they* have been our little instrument—they have enabled us to emulate the wary mariner; the consequence of which is that we know at least on what shores we may ground or in what ports we may anchor. The author of these strange works has, in short, performed a function which was doubtless no part of his purpose. This was to tell us about his own

people; yet what has primarily happened is that he has brought about an exhibition of ours.

It is a truly remarkable show, for as to where *nous en sommes*, as the French say, in the art of criticism and the movement of curiosity, as to our accumulations of experience and our pliancy of intelligence, our maturity of judgment and our distinction of tone, our quick perception of quality and (peculiar glory of our race) our fine feeling for shades, he has been the means of our acquiring the most copious information. Whether or no we may say that as a sequel to this we know Dr. Ibsen better, we may at least say that we know more about ourselves. We glow with the sense of how we may, definitely, look to each other to take things, and that is an immense boon, representing in advance a wonderful economy of time, a saving of useless effort and vain appeal. The great clarifying fact has been that, with *Hedda Gabler* and *Ghosts* and all the rest, we have stood, in an exceptionally agitated way, in the presence of the work of art, and have gained thereby a peculiarly acute consciousness of how we tend to consider it. It has been interesting to perceive that we consider the work of art with passion, with something approaching to fury. Under its influence we sweep the whole keyboard of emotion, from frantic enjoyment to ineffable disgust. Resentment and reprobation happen to have been, indeed, in the case before us the notes most frequently sounded; but this is obviously an accident, not impairing the value of the illustration, the essence of which is that our critical temper remains exactly the *naïf* critical temper, the temper of the spectators in the gallery of the theatre who howl at the villain of the play.

It has been the degree, in general, of the agitation that has been remarkable in the case before us, as may conveniently be gathered from a glance at the invaluable catalogue of denouncements drawn up by Mr. William Archer after perusal of the articles lately dedicated by the principal London journals to a couple of representations of Ibsen; that, if I mistake not, of *Ghosts* and that of *Rosmersholm*. This catalogue is a precious document, one of those things that the attentive spirit would not willingly let die. It is a thing, at any rate, to be kept long under one's hand, as a mine of suggestion and reference; for it illuminates, in this matter

of the study of Ibsen, the second characteristic of our emotion (the first, as I have mentioned, being its peculiar intensity); the fact that that emotion is conspicuously and exclusively moral, one of those cries of outraged purity which have so often and so pathetically resounded through the Anglo-Saxon world.

We have studied our author, it must be admitted, under difficulties, for it is impossible to read him without perceiving that merely book in hand we but half know him—he addresses himself so substantially to representation. This quickens immensely our consideration for him, since in proportion as we become conscious that he has mastered an exceedingly difficult form are we naturally reluctant, in honour, to judge him unaccompanied by its advantages, by the benefit of his full intention. Considering how much Ibsen has been talked about in England and America, he has been lamentably little seen and heard. Until *Hedda Gabler* was produced in London six weeks ago, there had been but one attempt to represent its predecessors that had consisted of more than a single performance. This circumstance has given a real importance to the undertaking of the two courageous young actresses who have brought the most recent of the author's productions to the light, and who have promptly found themselves justified in their talent as well as in their energy. It was a proof of Ibsen's force that he had made us chatter about him so profusely without the aid of the theatre; but it was even more a blessing to have the aid at last. The stage is to the prose drama (and Ibsen's later manner is the very prose of prose) what the tune is to the song, or the concrete case to the general law. It immediately becomes apparent that he needs the test to show his strength and the frame to show his picture. An extraordinary process of vivification takes place; the conditions seem essentially enlarged. Those of the stage in general strike us for the most part as small enough, so that the game played in them is often not more inspiring than a successful sack-race. But Ibsen reminds us that if they do not in themselves confer life they can at least receive it, when the infusion is artfully attempted. Yet how much of it they were doomed to receive from *Hedda Gabler* was not to be divined till we had seen *Hedda Gabler* in the frame. The play, on perusal, left one comparatively

muddled and mystified, fascinated, but—in one's intellectual sympathy — snubbed. Acted, it leads that sympathy over the straightest of roads with all the exhilaration of a superior pace. Much more, I confess, one doesn't get from it; but an hour of refreshing exercise is a reward in itself. The sense of being moved by a scientific hand, as one sits in one's stall, has not been spoiled for us by satiety.

Hedda Gabler, then, in the frame, is exceedingly vivid and curious, and a part of its interest is in the way it lights up, in general, the talent of the author. It is doubtless not the most complete of Ibsen's plays, for it owes less to its subject than to its form; but it makes good his title to the possession of a real method, and in thus putting him before us as a master it exhibits at the same time his irritating, his bewildering incongruities. He is nothing, as a literary personality, if not positive; yet there are moments when his great gift seems made up of negatives, or at any rate when the total seems a contradiction of each of the parts. I premise, of course, that we hear him through a medium not his own, and I remember that translation is a shameless falsification of colour. Translation, however, is probably not wholly responsible for three appearances inherent in all his prose work, as we possess it, though in slightly differing degrees, and yet quite unavailing to destroy in it the expression of life; I mean of course the absence of humour, the absence of free imagination, and the absence of style. The absence of style, both in the usual and in the larger sense of the word, is extraordinary, and all the more mystifying that its place is not usurped, as it frequently is in such cases, by vulgarity. Ibsen is massively common and "middle-class," but neither his spirit nor his manner is small. He is never trivial and never cheap, but he is in nothing more curious than in owing to a single source such distinction as he retains. His people are of inexpressive race; they give us essentially the *bourgeois* impression; even when they are furiously nervous and, like Hedda, more than sufficiently fastidious, we recognise that they live, with their remarkable creator, in a world in which selection has no great range. This is, perhaps, one reason why they none of them, neither the creator nor the creatures, appear to feel much impulse

to *play* with the things of life. This impulse, when it breaks out, is humour, and in the scenic genius it usually breaks out in one place or another. We get the feeling, in Ibsen's plays, that such whims are too ultimate, too much a matter of luxury and leisure, for the stage of feeling at which his characters have arrived. They are all too busy learning to live—humour will come in later, when they know how. A certain angular irony they frequently manifest, and some of his portraits are strongly satirical, like that, to give only two instances, of Tesman in *Hedda Gabler* (a play, indeed, suffused with irrepressible irony), or that of Hialmar Ekdal in *The Wild Duck*. But it is the ridicule without the smile, the dance without the music, a sort of sarcasm that is nearer to tears than to laughter. There is nothing very droll in the world, I think, to Dr. Ibsen; and nothing is more interesting than to see how he makes up his world without a joke. Innumerable are the victories of talent, and art is a legerdemain.

It is always difficult to give an example of an absent quality, and, if the romantic is even less present in Ibsen than the comic, this is best proved by the fact that everything seems to us inveterately observed. Nothing is more puzzling to the readers of his later work than the reminder that he is the great dramatic poet of his country, or that the author of *The Pillars of Society* is also the author of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, compositions which, we are assured, testify to an audacious imagination and abound in complicated fantasy. In his satiric studies of contemporary life the impression that is strongest with us is that the picture is infinitely *noted*, that all the patience of the constructive pessimist is in his love of the detail of character and of conduct, in his way of accumulating the touches that illustrate them. His recurrent ugliness of surface, as it were, is a sort of proof of his fidelity to the real, in a spare, strenuous, democratic community; just as the same peculiarity is one of the sources of his charmless fascination —a touching vision of strong forces struggling with a poverty, a bare provinciality, of life. I call the fascination of Ibsen charmless (for those who feel it at all), because he holds us without bribing us; he squeezes the attention till he almost hurts it, yet with never a conciliatory stroke. He has as little as possible to say to

our taste; even his large, strong form takes no account of that, gratifying it without concessions. It is the oddity of the mixture that makes him so individual—his perfect practice of a difficult and delicate art, combined with such æsthetic density. Even in such a piece as *The Lady from the Sea* (much the weakest, to my sense, of the whole series), in which he comes nearer than in others—unless indeed it be in *Hedda Gabler*—to playing with an idea from the simple instinct of sport, nothing could be less picturesque than the general effect, with every inherent incentive to have made it picturesque. The idea might have sprung from the fancy of Hawthorne, but the atmosphere is the hard light of Ibsen. One feels that the subject should have been tinted and distanced; but in fact one has to make an atmosphere as one reads, and one winces considerably under "Doctor Wangel" and the pert daughters.

For readers without curiosity as to their author's point of view (and it is, doubtless, not a crime not to have it, though I think it is a misfortune, an open window the less), there is too much of "Doctor Wangel" in Ibsen altogether—using the good gentleman's name for what it generally represents or connotes. It represents the ugly interior on which his curtain inexorably rises, and which, to be honest, I like for the associations with which he has imposed it upon us; the hideous carpet and wall-paper and curtains (one may answer for them), the conspicuous stove, the lonely centre-table, the "lamps with green shades," as in the sumptuous first act of *The Wild Duck*, the pervasive air of small interests and standards, the sign of limited local life. It represents the very clothes, the inferior fashions, of the figures that move before us, and the shape of their hats and the tone of their conversation and the nature of their diet. But the oddest thing happens in connection with this effect—the oddest extension of sympathy or relaxation of prejudice. What happens is that we feel that whereas, if Ibsen were weak or stupid or vulgar, this parochial or suburban stamp would only be a stick to beat him with, it acts, as the case stands, and in the light of his singular masculinity, as a sort of substitute—a little clumsy, if you like—for charm. In a word, it becomes touching, so that practically the

blasé critical mind enjoys it as a refinement. What occurs is very analogous to what occurs in our appreciation of the dramatist's remarkable art, his admirable talent for producing an intensity of interest by means incorruptibly quiet, by that almost demure preservation of the appearance of the usual in which we see him juggle with difficulty and danger, and which constitutes, as it were, his only coquetry. There are people who are indifferent to these mild prodigies; there are others for whom they will always remain the most charming privilege of art.

Hedda Gabler is doubtless as suburban as any of its companions; which is indeed a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as if it were less so we should be deprived of a singularly complete instance of a phenomenon difficult to express, but which may perhaps be described as the operation of talent without glamour. There is notoriously no glamour in the suburbs, and yet nothing could be more vivid than Dr. Ibsen's account of the incalculable young woman into whom Miss Robins so artistically projects herself. To "like" the play, as the phrase is, is doubtless, therefore, to give one of the fullest examples of our constitutional inability to control our affections. Several of the spectators who have liked it most will probably admit even that, with themselves, this sentiment has preceded a complete comprehension. They would perhaps have liked it better if they had understood it better —as to this they are not sure; but they at anyrate liked it well enough. Well enough for what? the question may of course always be in such a case. To be absorbed, assuredly, which is the highest tribute we can pay to any picture of life, and a higher one than most pictures attempted succeed in making us pay. Ibsen is various, and *Hedda Gabler* is probably an ironical pleasantry, the artistic exercise of a mind saturated with the vision of human infirmities, saturated above all with a sense of the infinitude, for all its mortal savour, of *character*, finding that an endless romance and a perpetual challenge. Can there have been at the source of such a production a mere refinement of conscious power, an enjoyment of difficulty and a preconceived victory over it? We are free to imagine that in this case Dr. Ibsen chose one of the last subjects that an expert might have been expected to choose, for the harmless

pleasure of feeling and of showing that he was in possession of a method that could make up for its deficiencies.

The demonstration is complete and triumphant, but it does not conceal from us—on the contrary—that his drama is essentially that supposedly undramatic thing, the picture not of an action but of a condition. It is the portrait of a nature, the story of what Paul Bourget would call an *état d'âme*, and of a state of nerves as well as of soul, a state of temper, of disappointment, of desperation. *Hedda Gabler* is in short the study of an exasperated woman ; and it may certainly be declared that the subject was not, in advance, as a theme for scenic handling, to be pronounced promising. There could in fact, however, be no more suggestive illustration of the folly of quarrelling with an artist over his subject. Ibsen has had only to take hold of this one in earnest to make it, against every presumption, live with an intensity of life. One can doubtless imagine other ways, but it is enough to say of this one that, put to the test, it imposes its particular spectacle. Something might have been gained, entailing perhaps a loss in another direction, by tracing the preliminary stages, showing the steps in Mrs. Tesman's history which led to the spasm, as it were, on which the curtain rises and of which the breathless duration—ending in death—is the period of the piece. But a play is above everything a work of selection, and Ibsen, with his curious and beautiful passion for the unity of time (carried in him to a point which almost always implies also that of place), condemns himself to admirable rigours. We receive Hedda ripe for her catastrophe, and if we ask for antecedents and explanations we must simply find them in her character. Her motives are simply her passions. What the four acts show us is these motives and that character—complicated, strange, irreconcileable, infernal—playing themselves out. We know too little why she married Tesman, we see too little why she ruins Lövborg ; but we recognise that she is infinitely perverse, and heaven knows that, as the drama mostly goes, the crevices we are called upon to stop are singularly few. That Mrs. Tesman is a perfectly ill-regulated person goes without saying, and there are doubtless spectators who would fain ask whether it would not have been better to represent in her stead a person totally different. The

answer to this sagacious question seems to me to be simply that no one can possibly tell. There are many things in the world that are past finding out, and one of them is whether the subject of a work had not better have been another subject. We shall always do well to leave that matter to the author (*he* may have some secret for solving the riddle); so terrible would his revenge easily become if we were to accept a responsibility for his theme.

The distinguished thing is the firm hand that weaves the web, the deep and ingenious use made of the material. What material, indeed, the dissentient spirit may exclaim, and what "use," worthy of the sacred name, is to be made of a horrid, wicked, disagreeable woman? That is just what Ibsen attempts to gauge, and from the moment such an attempt is resolute the case ceases to be so simple The use of Hedda Gabler is that she acts on others and that even her most disagreeable qualities have the privilege, thoroughly undeserved doubtless, but equally irresistible, of becoming a part of the history of others. And then one isn't so sure she is horrid, and by no means sure (especially when she is represented by an actress of the quality of Miss Robins) that she is disagreeable. She is various and sinuous and graceful, complicated and natural; she suffers, she struggles, she is alive, and by that fact exposed to a dozen interpretations, to the importunity of our suspense. Wrought with admirable closeness is the whole tissue of relations between the five people whom the author sets in motion and on whose behalf he asks of us so few concessions. That is, for the most part, the accomplished thing in Ibsen, the thing that converts his provincialism into artistic urbanity. He puts *us* to no expense worth speaking of—he takes all the expense himself. I mean that he thinks out our entertainment for us and shapes it of thinkable things, the passions, the idiosyncrasies, the cupidities and jealousies the strivings and struggles, the joys and sufferings of men. The spectator's situation is different enough when what is given him is the mere dead rattle of the surface of life, into which *he* has to inject the element of thought, the "human interest." Ibsen kneads the soul of man like a paste, and often with a rude and indelicate hand which the soul of man objects to. Such a production as *The*

Pillars of Society, with its large, dense complexity of moral cross-references and its admirable definiteness as a picture of motive and temperament (the whole canvas charged, as it were, with moral colour), such a production asks the average moral man to see too many things at once. It will never help Ibsen with the multitude that the multitude shall feel that the more they look the more intentions they shall see, for of such seeing of many intentions the multitude is but scantily desirous. It keeps, indeed, a positively alarmed and jealous watch in that direction; it insists that intentions shall be rigidly limited.

This sufficiently answers the artless question of whether it may be hoped for the author of *The Pillars of Society* that he shall acquire popularity in this country. In what country under heaven might it have been hoped for him, or for the particular community, that he *should* acquire popularity? Is he in point of fact so established and cherished in the Norwegian theatre? Do his countrymen understand him and clamour for him and love him, or do they content themselves—a very different affair—with being proud of him when aliens abuse him? The rumour reaches us that *Hedda Gabler* has found no favour at Copenhagen, where we are compelled to infer that the play had not the happy interpretation it enjoys in London. It would doubtless have been in danger here if Miss Robins had not contributed so much to save it. We hear that it has had reverses in Germany, where, of late years, Ibsen has been the fashion; but indeed all these are matters of an order as to which we should have been grateful for more information from those who have lately had the care of introducing the formidable dramatist to the English and American public. He excites, for example, in each case, all sorts of curiosity and conjecture as to the quality and capacity of the theatre to which, originally, such a large order was addressed: we are full of unanswered questions about the audience and the school.

What, however, has most of all come out in our timid and desultory experiments is that the author of *The Pillars of Society*, and of *The Doll's House*, of *Ghosts*, of *The Wild Duck*, of *Hedda Gabler*, is destined to be adored by the "profession." Even in his comfortless borrowed habit he will remain intensely dear to the actor and

he actress. He cuts them out work to which the artistic nature in them joyously responds—work difficult and interesting, full of stuff and opportunity. The opportunity that he gives them is almost always to do the deep and delicate thing—the sort of chance that in proportion as they are intelligent they are most on the look out for. He asks them to paint with a fine brush; for the subject that he gives them is ever the plastic figure. This will surely preserve him (leaving out the question of serious competition) after our little flurry is over. It was what made the recent representation of *Hedda Gabler* so singularly interesting and refreshing. It is what gives importance to the inquiry as to how his call for "subtlety" in his interpreters has been met in his own country. It was impossible, the other day, not to be conscious of a certain envy (as of a case of artistic happiness) of the representatives of the mismated Tesmans and their companions—so completely, as the phrase is were they "in" it and under the charm of what they had to do. In fact the series of Ibsen's "social dramas" is a dazzling array of parts Nora Helmer will be undertaken again and again—of a morning no doubt, as supposedly, though oddly, the more "earnest" hour—by justly infatuated young artists. The temptation is still greater to women than to men, as we feel in thinking, further, of the Rebecca of *Rosmersholm*, of Lona Hessel and Martha Bernick in the shapely *Pillars*, of the passionate mother and the insolent maid in the extraordinarily compact and vivid *Ghosts*—absurd and fascinating work; of Mrs. Linden, in *The Doll's House*, so admirably rendered last winter by Miss Robins, and of that irresistibly touching young figure, so untainted with cheap pathos, Hedvig Ekdal, the little girl with failing eyes, in *The Wild Duck*, who pores over her story-book in the paltry photographic studio of her intensely humbugging father. Such a figure as this very Hialmar Ekdal, however, the seedy, selfish—subtly selfish and self-deceptive—photographer, who takes all life out in talk, reminds us of the strength of the masculine side of the list. If *The League of Youth* is more nearly a complete comedy than any other of Ibsen's prose works, the comedian who should attempt to render Stensgard in that play would have a real portrait to reproduce. But the examples are numerous: Bernick and Rosmer, Oswald and Manders,

(Ibsen's compunctious "pastors" are admirable), Gregers Werle, the transcendent meddler in *The Wild Duck*, Rörlund, the prudish rector in the *Pillars*, Stockmann and the Burgomaster in *The Enemy of the People*, all stand, humanly and pictorially, on their feet.

This it is that brings us back to the author's great quality, the quality that makes him so interesting in spite of his limitations, so rich in spite of his lapses—his habit of dealing essentially with the individual caught in the fact. Sometimes, no doubt, he leans too far on that side, loses sight too much of the type-quality and gives his spectators free play to say that even caught in the fact his individuals are mad. We are not at all sure, for instance, of the type-quality in Hedda. Sometimes he makes so queer a mistake as to treat a pretty motive, like that of *The Lady from the Sea*, in a poor and prosaic way. He exposes himself with complacent, with irritating indifference to the objector as well as to the scoffer, he makes his "heredity" too short and his consequences too long, he deals with a homely and unæsthetic society, he harps on the string of conduct, and he actually talks of stockings and legs, in addition to other improprieties. He is not pleasant enough, nor light enough, nor casual enough; he is too far from Piccadilly and our glorious standards. Therefore his cause may be said to be lost; we shall never take him to our hearts. It was never to have been expected indeed, that we should, for in literature religions usually grow their own gods, and *our* heaven—as everyone can see—is already crowded. But for those who care, in general, for the form that he has practised he will always remain one of the talents that have understood it best and extracted most from it, have effected most neatly the ticklish transfusion of life. If we possessed the unattainable, an eclectic, artistic, disinterested theatre, to which we might look for alternation and variety, it would be a point of honour in such a temple to sacrifice sometimes to Henrik Ibsen.

HENRY JAMES.

THE MYSTERY OF BIRTH.

NO peculiarity of living creatures—be they plants or animals—seems more mysterious to the average mind than the faculty of Reproduction. Birth, to most of us, is a standing miracle.

We isolate birth from all other phenomena, and so make it seem unique and extraordinary in kind, when really it is but a single illustration of well-known and universal natural laws. Above all, we are unhappily most familiar with it, not in its simplest but in its most complex forms.

The part is similar in kind to the whole. Break a bit of limestone in two, and each of the fragments is still a bit of limestone. Break a lump of coal, and each of the fragments remains a lump of coal as before. Break a crystal of quartz or alum, and the pieces are crystals of quartz or alum again. Cut a jelly-fish equally into two pieces with a sharp knife, and either half remains essentially still half a jelly-fish.

Now let us go a step farther. Provided the original mass has been homogeneous throughout—alike all over—every part of such a divided whole retains, as a rule, all the physical and chemical properties of its original. Each is a chip of the old block. The little lumps of limestone are every one of them blue, and granular, and yield lime when burnt. The little lumps of coal are every one of them black and inflammable. The little crystals of alum have every one of them the characteristic angles and sides and taste of the original crystal.

But, on the other hand, if you put a lump of coal into water containing coal-dust, it won't grow. Growth is not a characteristic of coal. Nor, if you put the limestone into water containing lime in

solution will it grow regularly; the lime may gather upon it by slow degrees, yet merely as a rough deposit, not so as to produce any definite shape. Regular forms are not, for the most part, characteristic of limestone. But if you put a large broken crystal of alum, with one of its corners knocked off, into a mother liquid containing alum in solution, it will grow apace, and replace the broken parts till it reappears once more as a complete and regular crystal. A certain definite shape is characteristic of alum, and every mass of alum, allowed to rebuild itself freely in a liquid where motion is unimpeded, tends to realise that predetermined shape in all its entirety.

Now, living beings are just like crystals in this property—that each one of them has a definite, though vastly more complex, shape, which it tends to realise wherever material for rebuilding it is freely provided. In the case of plants, the materials needed are carbonic acid and water; in the case of animals, the materials are those varied bodies, ultimately of vegetable origin, which we describe as their foodstuffs. Given a sufficiency of these, almost every plant or animal tends to reproduce itself in the perfect shape, when broken or mutilated; and every broken bit tends to grow into a complete plant or animal, exactly as every fragment of a crystal, bathed in mother liquid, tends to reproduce the original crystal in all its fulness.

I said deliberately, "almost every plant or animal," for there are some exceptions; and, unfortunately, these exceptions, being more familiar to us than the general rule, tend to obscure for us human beings, with our narrow outlook, the truth of the main principle at stake. For, if you cut a man's head off, he seldom or never reproduces a new head in its place; if you even merely cut off his leg, a fresh leg shows no tendency to bud out spontaneously at the amputated stump. He has to get on as best he may with a wooden one. And similarly with many of the most familiar animals—dogs, cows, horses, donkeys—none of them ever displays the slightest tendency to produce new organs in the place of old ones.

Nevertheless, I shall try to show hereafter the reason why in men and dogs this power of recrescence (as it is called) has been so largely lost. Meanwhile, it is important to notice that even in

man it persists in essence. If you cut your nails or your hair, they grow again. If you shave off your beard, a new beard reappears on your chin within a few weeks. If you lose a bit of your skin by a graze or wound, fresh skin covers the spot after a very short interval. And the minute component parts of your body which are from day to day worn out in walking or working, in nerve-action or organic movements, are perpetually rebuilt by the blood from the nutritive material supplied to it in constant relays by your food. Even the human body thus perpetually renews itself in its own image; it is only when a very large organ or member is forcibly removed at a single blow that it fails to make good in full the loss, and that for a sufficient reason to be considered hereafter.

In lower animals or plants, however, the fact of recrescence is far more obvious. If you cut down a rose-bush to the root, depriving it of almost every vital organ it possesses, it nevertheless springs up again with fresh shoots into an exactly similar and almost identical rose-tree. The vital material remaining in the rootstock rearranges itself forthwith into the form of leaves and branches as before, and these assimilate carbon from the carbonic acid in the air, as well as water from the soil, and soon develop into a fresh rose-bush. Here we may fairly say even the head has been cut off, and with it the arms, legs, trunk, and body; yet the feet, as it were, suffice to re-develop the entire organism. Don't let us be deceived by the familiarity of this common phenomenon into overlooking or undervaluing its importance. It shows us, as clearly as facts can do, that a single part of the organism alone has the innate power of rebuilding from suitable material the entire structure, with all its organs and functions complete.

"But this may be a peculiarity of the root," you will perhaps object. "It may possess some unusual sort of reproductive speciality." Not a bit of it. The power resides in every part of the bush. Take each of the branches you have lopped off the rose-tree —cuttings, as we all call them—and plant them separately in the moist ground. They have no roots, but they soon begin to develop them at the buried end. Each cutting fixes itself and grows betimes into a complete rose-bush; and so does also the root from which we separated them. Thus we have six or seven rose-bushes in

place of one: we have really multiplied or reproduced our rose-bush, while at the same time each such bush, being really part of one original whole, possesses in every leaf and flower the precise peculiarities of the original tree. If the old one was a Marshal Niel, all the offsets are Marshal Niels too; if the old one was a Louise or a Gloire de Dijon, then all the offsets are Louises or Gloires de Dijon in like manner.

But do animals similarly tend to reproduce lost parts? Why, certainly. If a lizard loses his tail, in a very short time a fresh tail grows again. The cut end tends to bud out under the influence of a due supply of nourishment so as to reproduce the normal form of the animal intact—no doubt by pure play of molecular forces, exactly analogous to those which make the crystal rebuild itself when broken, though far more subtle, varied, and intricate. Almost all very low animals, if cut in two, tend to grow again. Some well-known water-worms, for example, known by the pretty classical name of Naiads, when divided in the middle, grow in each half, one reproducing the lost head and the other the lost tail; so that here, again, we get two complete individuals made out of one original worm. The claws of lobsters, the heads of snails, the arms of star-fishes, the legs of insects, are all well-known instances of lost parts which the animal similarly and habitually restores in favourable circumstances.

The question next arises: How small a part, if severed, is sufficient to build up an entire organism? That is a point that differs (for a reason to be considered hereafter) in different species. Sometimes much is needed, sometimes very little.

In the potato plant we cut a single bud (known as an eye) out of one of the underground branches or tubers we call potatoes, and it suffices to develop anew an entire potato vine. In the tiger-lily, similar small buds, known as bulbils, detach themselves spontaneously in due season from the angles of the leaves, drop to the ground like seeds, root themselves there, and grow at once into fresh tiger-lilies. Even smaller parts of the organism often suffice to effect the same purpose. There are certain begonias, well known to gardeners, in which a fragment of a leaf, tied up by a string, if supplied with moisture, will grow out into one or more distinct

begonia plants. The German physiologist, Vöchting, tried a still more interesting and remarkable experiment of the same sort. He cut up the frond of a liverwort with a sharp knife into a fine pulp, so that each piece was immeasurably smaller than a grain of sand; and then he spread the whole gummy mixture on moist earth. After a short time a perfect forest of small fronds of liverwort began to spring up over the surface of the pulp, and microscopic examination showed that by far the greater part of the minute fragments had separately grown into a distinct plant. This curious experiment satisfactorily establishes the general principle that every particle or cell of a plant possesses alike the tendency and the power to build up under suitable circumstances an entire organism exactly like the one of which it is a component. Reproduction is a function of every unit in the entire body.

Nobody, however, cares, alas! how plants behave. I am a botanist myself, and, therefore, I know this fact only too well, by sad experience. You may talk to people about plants till all's blue, and they never listen to you. But how about animals? Well, animals, under similar circumstances, behave in precisely the same way. There's a common little freshwater polype, known as the hydra, with long arms like a sea-anemone's, which lies in wait on the edges of ponds seeking whom he may devour with his encircling embraces. Now, it has long been known that if you cut up a hydra with a sharp knife, as small as ever you can cut him, every piece will grow again with remarkable rapidity into a complete hydra. Thus, in animals as in plants, we clearly see that each unit of the whole is capable, under favourable circumstances, of reproducing or rebuilding the entire animal.

But why, then, in the higher animals don't similar small pieces retain this primitive power of rebuilding the entire organism? The answer is—well, yes; they do. Only, in them, the power is restricted to certain particular reproductive cells—eggs or germs—instead of being equally distributed in every part over the whole body. And the reason for this difference is to be sought in the principle of division of labour, which has led to the specialisation of various parts for the performance of various functions in every organ of the higher animal body.

In order roughly to understand the working of this principle we must look back once more at the origins of the reproductive habit.

The cases of reproduction we have considered so far have been, with few exceptions, accidental in character: they have been due for the most part to external injury, which the organism, like the crystal, seeks to repair by restoring itself as it was before the accident. But from the very beginning there is also a normal type of reproduction where the organism voluntarily, as it were, breaks itself up into two parts, each of these parts continuing thenceforward to live and grow independently of the other. That is Birth in its simplest elements.

Very primitive plants consist of mere jelly-like balls of protoplasm, containing the peculiar green colouring matter known as chlorophyll. Now the chemical constitution of chlorophyll (as I have already pointed out in this REVIEW) is such that under the influence of sunlight it assimilates carbon from the carbonic acid diffused around it, and builds it up, with the hydrogen and oxygen of water, together with small quantities of nitrogen, into more protoplasm and chlorophyll exactly like itself. To this property of chlorophyll, as I have already shown, reproduction and all the other essential functions of life are ultimately due: for no organic matter can exist anywhere except such as has been thus produced by the agency of chlorophyll, under the influence of sunlight. Simple plants are nothing more than rude and shapeless balls of such protoplasmic matter, which grow in this way under the rays of light falling on them in water.

But when the balls have attained a certain size, what happens? Why, they break up spontaneously into two separate masses, each of which continues to possess all the distinctive properties of the original mass, and each of which, therefore, consisting as it does of protoplasm in the form of chlorophyll, continues to grow and divide spontaneously as before. No matter how often the tiny balls split up into others, each separate ball contains its share of chlorophyll, and therefore goes on assimilating carbon under the influence of sunlight. Such tiny organisms may be compared to crystals, immersed in a mother liquid, but so constituted that whenever they

reach a certain size they break in two, each half continuing to grow as before, up to the point at which splitting becomes inevitable.

But crystals have no such definite limit of size; why, then, should plants be differently constituted? I believe, in part, because the jelly-like consistency of protoplasm makes cohesion difficult beyond a certain point. There is soon attained a size at which the protoplasm naturally falls asunder. But as each piece contains the properties of the whole, growth still continues in both separately. To explain how this affects the problem of reproduction in higher plants and animals would compel us to go into the question of the rise of cells, segmentation, the compound individual, and many other problems of advanced biology, which would lead us too far afield in our present discussion. It would be too much to expect that I should expound succinctly the whole science of life, vegetal and animal, in a single short magazine article on the nature of reproduction.

Essentially, however, what applies to plants applies similarly in the main to animals. Very simple animals consist of roundish jelly-like balls of protoplasm, *without* chlorophyll, which increase—*not* by taking in carbon under the influence of sunlight, and working it up with oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, into more protoplasm, *but*, by taking in external masses of ready-made protoplasm, directly or indirectly produced by plants, and reducing it internally to their own type, which we call in our developed language, digesting and assimilating it. Here, again, as soon as the mass has reached a certain size, it splits in two, and each half, going off on its own account, finds fresh protoplasmic masses for itself, which it proceeds forthwith to take up and assimilate.

This taking up and absorption of external protoplasmic matter for one's own purposes we call *eating*. In the simplest animals, however, it is not performed with all the specialised apparatus and processes we ourselves are accustomed to associate with the term and the act: mouth, teeth, gullet, stomach; chewing, swallowing, digesting, assimilating in an intestinal mechanism. The jelly-like mass of protoplasm, which forms a simple animal, when it meets a small plant floating free in the water merely puts forth long, shapeless arms from its own vague surface, envelops the morsel of

food with a slimy grasp, takes it bodily into its own soft interior, sucks out its useful protoplasmic contents, and turns loose the tough cell-wall or skin (if any) at some convenient point of its body without distinction. It has no mouth, no stomach, no intestine, no vent, and yet, in a certain sense, it is all mouth, all stomach all intestine, all vent alike: no part of it is specialised for any one function, but every part performs all the functions of them all equally.

It is just the same, in the simplest plants and the simplest animals, with the function of reproduction. When the body reaches a certain size (either by assimilation of carbon in the plant, or by reception of external protoplasm in the animal) it splits up spontaneously into two equal portions. Each of these is equally parent and equally offspring. There is no specialisation of the reproductive function; no division of labour; no sex; no parentage; all the animal or plant is equally parent and equally child; every part of it alike can reproduce; every part of it can rebuild the entire organism. And this condition sometimes persists potentially, at least, as we saw in the case of the hydra and the liverwort, up to comparatively complex plants and animals.

But as plants and animals grow more and more diverse in their own structure, with the course of evolution, under the influence of natural selection and other agencies, their organs and functions grow more specialised. For example, the body in animals begins to consist of an outer and inner surface—a skin and a stomach. So, too, after a time, food begins to be taken in at a particular point—a rudimentary mouth is formed, which at first is not only mouth and throat and tongue and gullet, but also vent or outlet as well; the useless parts of the food are rejected by the same orifice as that by which the whole morsel entered. In higher forms, again, the vent becomes distinct and distant from the mouth; a simple alimentary canal is formed; food passes regularly through it in a fixed order; we get a differentiation of head and tail—of mouth, stomach, intestine, and vent; a rude ground-plan of the developed alimentary system. On this, in the higher animals, are slowly superimposed teeth for chewing, tongue for tasting, gullet for swallowing, stomach for digesting, intestines for assimilating, and all the highly special-

ised internal adjuncts of gastric juice, liver, pancreas, and so forth *ad infinitum*.

It is just the same, analogically, with the reproductive function. At first it is diffused over all the body alike, so that every bit cut off from any part can grow equally into a complete organism; but as evolution progresses it is found more convenient in the higher plants and animals to specialise reproduction in certain organs, which produce particular little offsets (eggs or seeds, as we call them); and these offsets grow out, in turn, into fresh individuals. But the reason they do so is simply this—*Every unspecialised fragment of the original individual is potentially capable, as at first, of growing out, by pure interaction of its molecular forces, into a new organism essentially identical in every way with the old one.* That this is the true explanation of the case we can see at once from the fact that many plants and animals retain to this day *two* separate and distinct modes of reproduction, one of them primitive and general, the other developed and specialised.

I have only to add that the explanation of reproduction here roughly set forth is, in its main essence, identical with that put forward by Mr. Herbert Spencer, though with certain modifications due to myself, and certain simplifications rendered necessary for the tastes and knowledge of the general reader.

GRANT ALLEN.

THE WOMAN'S ROSE.

"And I saw that the women also held each other's hands."—DREAMS.

I HAVE an old brown carved box: the lid is broken and tied with a string. In it I keep little squares of paper, with hair inside, and a little picture which hung over my brother's bed when we were children, and other things as small. I have in it a rose. Other women also have such boxes where they keep such trifles, but no one has my rose.

When my eye is dim, and my heart grows faint, and my faith in woman flickers, and her present is an agony to me, and her future a despair, the scent of that dead rose, withered for twelve years, comes back to me. I know there will be spring; as surely as the birds know it when they see above the snow two tiny, quivering green leaves. Spring cannot fail us.

There were other flowers in the box once; a bunch of white acacia flowers, gathered by the strong hand of a man, as we passed down a village street on a sultry afternoon, when it had rained, and the drops fell on us from the leaves of the acacia trees. The flowers were damp; they made mildew marks on the paper I folded them in. After many years I threw them away. There is nothing of them left in the box now, but a faint, strong smell of dried acacia, that recalls that sultry summer afternoon; but the rose is in the box still.

It is many years ago now; I was a girl of fifteen, and I went to visit in a small up-country town. It was young in those days, and two days' journey from the nearest village; the population consisted mainly of men. A few were married, and had their wives and children, but most were single. There was only one young girl there when I came. She was about seventeen, fair, and rather

fully-fleshed; she had large dreamy blue eyes, and wavy light hair; full, rather heavy lips, until she smiled; then her face broke into dimples, and all her white teeth shone. The hotel-keeper may have had a daughter, and the farmer in the outskirts had two, but we never saw them. She reigned alone. All the men worshipped her. She was the only woman they had to think of. They talked of her on the "stoep," at the market, at the hotel; they watched for her at street corners; they hated the man she bowed to or walked with down the street. They brought flowers to the front door; they offered her their horses; they begged her to marry them when they dared. Partly, there was something noble and heroic in this devotion of men to the best woman they knew; partly there was something natural in it, that these men, shut off from the world, should pour at the feet of one woman the worship that otherwise would have been given to twenty; and partly, there was something mean in their envy of one another. If she had raised her little finger, I suppose, she might have married any one out of twenty of them.

Then I came. I do not think I was prettier; I do not think I was so pretty as she was. I was certainly not as handsome. But I was vital, and I was new, and she was old—they all forsook her and followed me. They worshipped me. It was to my door that the flowers came; it was I had twenty horses offered me when I could only ride one; it was for me they waited at street corners; it was what I said and did that they talked of. Partly I liked it. I had lived alone all my life; no one ever had told me I was beautiful and a woman. I believed them. I did not know it was simply a fashion, which one man had set, and the rest followed unreasoningly. I liked them to ask me to marry them, and to say, No. I despised them. The mother heart had not swelled in me yet; I did not know all men were my children, as the large woman knows when her heart is grown. I was too small to be tender. I liked my power. I was like a child with a new whip, which it goes about cracking everywhere, not caring against what. I could not wind it up and put it away. Men were curious creatures, who liked me, I could never tell why. Only one thing took from my pleasure; I could not bear that they had deserted her for me. I liked her great

dreamy blue eyes, I liked her slow walk and drawl; when I saw her sitting among men, she seemed to me much too good to be among them ; I would have given all their compliments if she would once have smiled at me as she smiled at them, with all her face breaking into radiance, with her dimples and flashing teeth. But I knew it never could be ; I felt sure she hated me ; that she wished I was dead ; that she wished I had never come to the village. She did not know, when we went out riding, and a man who had always ridden beside her came to ride beside me, that I sent him away ; that once when a man thought to win my favour by ridiculing her slow drawl before me I turned on him so fiercely that he never dared come before me again. I knew she knew that at the hotel men had made a bet as to which was the prettier, she or I, and had asked each man who came in, and that the one who had staked on me won. I hated them for it, but I would not let her see that I cared about what she felt towards me.

She and I never spoke to each other.

If we met in the village street we bowed and passed on ; when we shook hands we did so silently, and did not look at each other. But I thought she felt my presence in a room just as I felt hers.

At last the time for my going came. I was to leave the next day. Someone I knew gave a party in my honour, to which all the village was invited.

Now it was midwinter ; there was nothing in the gardens but a few dahlias and chrysanthemums, and I suppose that for two hundred miles round there was not a rose to be bought for love or money. Only in the garden of a friend of mine, in a sunny corner between the oven and the brick wall, there was a rose tree growing which had on it one bud. It was white. It had been promised to the girl to wear at the party.

The evening came ; when I arrived and went to the waiting-room, to take off my mantle, I found the girl already there. She was dressed in a pure white dress, with her great white arms and shoulders showing, her bright hair glittering in the candle-light, and the white rose fastened at her breast. She looked like a queen. I said "Good-evening," and turned away quickly to the glass to arrange my old black scarf across my old black dress.

Then I felt a hand touch my hair.

"Stand still," she said.

I looked in the glass. She had taken the white rose from her breast, and was fastening it in my hair.

"How nice dark hair is; it sets off flowers so." She stepped back and looked at it. "It looks much better there!"

I turned round and looked at her.

"You are so beautiful to me," I said.

"Y-e-s," she said, slowly; "I'm glad."

We stood looking at each other.

Then they came in and swept us away. All the evening we did not come near to each other. Only once, as she passed, she smiled at me.

The next morning I left the town.

I never saw her again.

Years after I heard she had married and gone to America; it may or may not be so——but the rose is in the box still.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

THE GURKHAS: A FIGHTING RACE.

ACCORDING to Sir Charles Dilke, who has dealt with this subject at some length in his *Problems of Greater Britain*, the only native soldiers fit to be placed in the field in Afghanistan are Gurkhas, Sikhs, Pathans, Afridies, and the best of the Punjab Mussulmans. This view is not universally accepted, but undoubtedly the races he specifies do furnish the best soldiers of our Indian army, and it is rather significant that, with the exception of the Sikhs and Punjabis, they are all found outside our dominions. The recent disaster in Manipur has brought the Gurkhas more especially to the notice of the public, and in this article it is proposed to go briefly over their military history since we came in contact with them, describing their characteristics and merits as fighting men, and to examine the credentials they can adduce of their worthiness to stand in line of battle shoulder to shoulder with British troops.

As is well known, the Gurkhas inhabit the hill districts of Nepaul which separate that kingdom from our northern territory. They are a mixed race (except the western tribes, who are the best fighting men), and are supposed to be the descendants of Hindu refugees who fled from before the Mussulman invasion and the Mongol tribes inhabiting the Nepaulese hills. Be that as it may, their physiognomy is of an unmistakably Chinese or Tartar character, with small eyes, flat noses, and meagre whiskers. They are sturdily built, but in stature are very short; the average height of a Gurkha soldier cannot be much over 5ft. 3in. The present writer remembers, when his own was brigaded with two Gurkha regiments at a camp of exercise at Delhi many years ago, the difficulty, almost impossibility, experienced by the British riflemen,

themselves not tall men, of conforming to the short quick step of the Gurkhas when marching past with them. In those days there were some very old soldiers among them; one native officer was a white haired veteran of fifty-two years' service, but he still appeared hale and hearty. But comparatively few as his inches are, the Gurkha is a man every inch of him, and he is a standing proof that height is not a *sine quâ non* in a soldier if his heart is in the right place and if his physique in other respects is satisfactory. It is true that in England a diminutive stature is apt to be accompanied by a diminutive chest, but still I am not sure that too much importance is not attached in these days to the height standard. No doubt, other things being equal, a good big man is better than a good little man, but there must be no mistake in the former quality. A tall growing lad wants more nourishment than a short one, and in the classes from which our recruits are drawn this is not always or even often sufficiently procurable. It may well be doubted whether for the wear and tear of a campaign the cobby man of 5ft. 5in. is not often far more effective than his more elongated comrade of 6ft. I remember a Crimean veteran telling me his experience. He was only 5ft. 4in., and had great difficulty in being accepted as a recruit, but as he was of sturdy build an exception was made in his favour. I quote his own picturesque language: "While it was peace I was always 'id away in the centre of the rear rank and kep' out of sight as much as possible, but when we come to the Crimea I never missed a hour's duty the 'ole time, and did the work of many a tall man dead or sick, and at Inkerman a bullet went through the 'air of my 'ead, which if I 'ad been a inch 'igher it would have gone through my 'ead." However, this is a digression, and, to return to the Gurkhas, no additional inches are required in his case to make a splendid fighting soldier.

Whether it is fighting hand to hand with the bayonet or with his national weapon, the kukri, a murderous looking curved knife with the sharp edge on the inside like a sickle, or at long range with the modern arms of precision, is all one to him, and he thoroughly enjoys himself either charging or skirmishing. These kukris in their hands are formidable weapons; with them they can

bisect goats or decapitate a bullock, and, of course, can use them on the human body with equal effect. In one of our frontier expeditions the Pathans were retreating up the hill side, pursued by some Gurkhas. One of them, the smallest man in his regiment, got above the track by which the enemy were retreating, crouched behind a rock, and on a tall Pathan stopping just below him to fire, sprang out at him, and, as related to me by an eye-witness, cut his head in two like a pumpkin. Another eye-witness told me that in the Mutiny he saw some Sepoys take refuge in a house, and a little Gurkha crouch down by a window, watching for his opportunity like a cat by a mouse hole. After some waiting a Pandy put his head cautiously out to reconnoitre, but he never drew it in again, the Gurkha having cut it off with a single blow. It must be confessed that there is something of the savage in the Gurkha, and his employment against a European enemy might be objected to by some over-sensitive philanthropists; but, after all, if you are to be killed in action, it does not matter much whether your head is sliced in two by a kukri or pierced by a bullet from a Mark II. magazine rifle, which, I suppose, may be taken as the most civilised lethal weapon now before the public.

The Gurkhas are Hindus in religion, but they are not always averse to alcoholic indulgence or to hobnobbing with their English comrades, and in more than one instance very close bonds of union exist between British and Gurkha regiments. Thus the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade and the 4th Gurkhas started an acquaintance when brigaded together at the Delhi camp of exercise in 1875, and this ripened into close friendship under the more exciting circumstances of the Afghan war of 1878. The men used to help to pitch and strike each other's tents; they drank tea, and perhaps rather stronger beverages, and gambled mildly with each other; on Christmas Day each Rifle Company presented two sheep to the corresponding Gurkha Company, which compliment, with the addition of a dram of rum per man, was returned later on; the Rifle Brigade presented the Gurkhas with a musketry challenge shield and a silver bugle. A similar brotherhood arose between the Sirmoor Gurkha Battalion (now the 2nd Gurkhas) and the 60th Royal Rifles during their association on the Ridge at Delhi

in 1857, and the next time they met a symposium of a somewhat Bacchanalian character took place. This alliance was, I believe, renewed twenty years later in the Afghan war, though with a different battalion of the Rifles. This feeling should be encouraged and fostered whenever it exists, and if it became universal would do more than anything to weld our two Indian armies into one homogeneous whole. There does not seem to be the same tendency on the part of the Gurkhas to fraternise with other native regiments to the same extent. On the eve of the Mutiny a detachment of them in the musketry camp at Umballa asked leave to pitch their tents among those of the British troops, as they did not like being mixed up with the "kala log" (black fellows). Nor had they any sympathy whatever with the latter in their aversion to the greased cartridges, the issue of which was one of the immediate causes of the outbreak; in fact, they asked that these cartridges should be served out to them for use at target practice. The restrictions of caste do not seem to press at all heavily on them, especially in war time, a great advantage whenever they serve outside India.

For many years there were not more than three or four battalions of Gurkhas in our service, and these were mostly composed of the best fighting type. It must be remembered that Gurkhas are not all alike, and the best of them are not always procurable. The fighting tribes are only found in three of the western districts of Nepaul, and though men from further east have served in considerable numbers in our ranks, those who have had experience of them do not consider them equal to the real fighting class of Gurkhas found in the west. At first there does not seem to have been much difficulty in recruiting, but after a time the Nepaulese Government, and especially Jung Bahadur, the famous Prime Minister, began to object to the loss of so many of their best fighting men, and serious obstacles were thrown in the way of the recruiting parties. Men were more or less smuggled out of Nepaul, and some lost their lives in the attempt. It would have been difficult to keep up the regiments from foreign sources only—it took three years to fill up the ranks of the Sirmoor Battalion after Delhi—but a new and excellent supply of recruits became available in the "line boys." These were the sons of soldiers, who, as a rule,

were looking forward to the time when they could enlist and serve side by side with their fathers. They were pure bred Gurkhas—when men were scarce, recruiting parties were sometimes encouraged to bring back Gurkha women, who found husbands in the regiments—and were as good as the foreign born recruits. Gurkhas could never return to Nepaul; hence a proposal was made to colonise a portion of the Dhoon country with discharged soldiers, and a scheme with this object was submitted to Government by Sir Charles Reid, of Delhi renown, commandant of the 2nd Gurkhas, but nothing came of it, though it seems to have been practicable and desirable.

The first experience we had of the fighting qualities of the Gurkhas was in the Nepaulese war of 1814-16, when our troops met them as enemies for the only time in their history. This war was not one that added much to the laurels of our army. Though we put in the field the very considerable force of over 20,000 regular troops, and some 10,000 irregulars, while it is doubtful if the Gurkhas had half that number, it took two years' tough fighting to bring them to terms. The first year's campaigning was almost entirely in their favour, but it must be added that the incapacity of most of the brigadiers employed contributed greatly to the unfortunate results. In this war the Gurkhas displayed against us all the splendid martial qualities which have been conspicuous on a hundred battlefields since, when they have been fighting shoulder to shoulder with British troops against Jats, Marathas, Sikhs, Sepoy mutineers, Afghans, Pathans, Malays, and Burmans. The war opened most inauspiciously for us with the siege of Kalunga, where 600 Gurkhas entrenched in a stockaded fort repulsed five assaults of British and native troops, in one of which the general commanding fell. Though they were compelled to evacuate the fort eventually, it was not until they had only 70 unwounded men left, and they had inflicted on their assailants the heavy loss of 31 officers and 710 men, many more than their own original number. Nor were they less formidable in attack than in defence. At Jythuk they charged our position nine times, and forced our troops to beat a disastrous retreat. In the art of skirmishing they taught us many salutary lessons. We are told that "their mode of

attack was peculiarly harassing: entrenching themselves behind jutting points of rock, and other situations affording shelter, they kept up an irregular fire, charging occasionally, and then retiring to their coverts." This rude awakening staggered our generals, and whereas the opening operations were characterised by inconsiderate rashness, this soon disappeared and was replaced by extreme caution, not to say timidity. If the Viceroy, Lord Hastings, had wished to follow the example of the Nepaulese Government, who paraded one of their generals in female attire at a public Durbar for incapacity and hesitation, he would have found more than one eligible candidate for such a distinction among his brigadiers. General Ochterlony had the credit of changing the aspect of affairs. He was not above taking a hint from an enemy he had never underrated, and recognised that the use of stockades might be as valuable to an invading as to a defending army. Like the New Zealand Maories, the Gurkhas were very skilful in their construction. Made of rough hewn wood and stones, heaped together between an outer and an inner palisade, they often proved very tough nuts to crack. General Ochterlony adopted them for the defence of his posts and lines of communication, and this, with more attention to the ordinary rules of strategy and tactics, enabled him to bring the war to a more satisfactory conclusion than had at one time seemed probable.

Unfortunate in many respects as this war was, it had its compensations in opening up to us a new recruiting ground, of which we immediately availed ourselves. Three battalions of Gurkhas were raised during the war itself, and some of them served in the concluding operations of the campaign. Some years later Mr. Hodgson, the Resident at Khatmandu, in calling attention to the soldierly qualities of the Gurkhas, described their courage as equal to their discipline, and said that "they saw in foreign service nothing but the prospect of glory and spoil." He specified a body of 30,000 men off the roll—apparently a sort of reserve—as a source immediately available for recruiting. Before this, however, Gurkha troops had received their baptism of fire in our service, more especially at the famous siege of Bhurtpore. Here, in addition to plenty of hard fighting in the trenches, they were specially utilised

as sharpshooters, their skill as marksmen having been already discovered.

Besides important campaigns like the above, irregular warfare against Pindarries and marauders of all sorts kept our troops constantly employed in the field. On one occasion a detachment of the Sirmoor Battalion of Gurkhas drove a band of 800 freebooters into a strong village fort, and, not having artillery or ladders, had recourse to the old-fashioned expedient of a battering-ram, which they made out of a tree. Working this under a heavy fire, under which many fell, they burst in the gate, and after a desperate hand to hand encounter utterly destroyed the robber gang.

A battalion of Gurkhas was employed in the first Afghan war, and formed part of Shah Soojah's army. After serving with credit throughout the war, on one expedition under the celebrated Sir James (then Captain) Outram they were overwhelmed in the disasters which overtook the greater part of the Kabul force. They were stationed at Charekar, about fifty miles from Kabul, and were cut off by overpowering hordes of tribesmen; but though quite raw troops, they displayed, under trying circumstances, a courage worthy of their reputation. They defended themselves in flimsy barracks and huts with indomitable tenacity, and their eventual destruction was due as much to lack of water as to the efforts of the Afghans.

But a more satisfactory opportunity of proving their mettle was at hand. The Sutlej war of 1845-6 brought them into contact with the Sikhs, and their conduct at the obstinately contested battles of Aliwal and Sobraon elicited commendation from their generals, Sir Harry Smith and Sir Hugh Gough, two most competent judges.

In this campaign the Gurkhas came under the notice of the Viceroy, Sir Henry Hardinge. On one occasion, when he was inspecting them, he was told by an Irish officer that their small stature was due to the smallness of their pay.

During the next few years there were several frontier expeditions, in some of which Gurkhas were engaged, but I pass on to the crisis of 1857, when the Gurkhas were to be put to a severer test than any they had yet been subjected to, and nobly did the Sirmoor Gurkha Battalion at the memorable siege of Delhi justify the

reputation won on the Sutlej. This battalion was marched down from Degra, their hill station, to form part of the force besieging Delhi, and was at first the only native regiment with it. Attempts were made to seduce the men from their allegiance, but in vain. As one of them said: "The regiment goes wherever it is ordered; we obey the bugle call." And the truth of this was soon demonstrated. At first they were looked upon with some distrust, but the first day's fighting removed this, and the loyalty and valour of the Sirmoories were fully recognised. To them—afterwards reinforced by the Guides, a splendid regiment in which there was a good sprinkling of Gurkhas, and two companies of the 60th Rifles, with two guns—was assigned the defence of Hindu Rao's house, and the neighbouring posts on the right of the British line, and, judging by the repeated attacks made by the mutineers on this part of the position, it seems to have been the key of the whole. On no less than twenty-six different occasions did this small force sustain and repulse the onslaught of vastly superior numbers, besides taking part in various offensive operations. For three months and eight days it was under an almost continuous fire night and day, and the losses of the Sirmoor Battalion during the siege, amounting to 327 men killed and wounded out of a total of 490, and eight officers out of nine, sufficiently indicate the severity of the ordeal undergone by them. The selection of Major, now General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B., Commandant of the Gurkhas, to the command of this post was a happy one. To undaunted courage in the field he joined unwearied vigilance in defence, never quitting the Ridge except to attack the enemy, and never visiting the camp until carried into it wounded on the day of the final assault.

Hindu Rao's house was of solid construction, with stone walls 3ft. thick, and it was well it was so as it was within easy range of the big guns mounted on the city walls. It was a hospital as well as a barrack, a magazine and a fort, as the Gurkhas had a great objection, when wounded or sick, to being taken away from their own people, and it was found better to keep them at the front in spite of the heavy fire which occasionally penetrated into the wards. One advantage of their being thus on the spot was that when their services were wanted to

repel a sortie, slightly wounded men could take their places in the ranks, and were always quite ready to do so. On the day of the assault more than fifty men came out of hospital to take part in it. This being the spirit that animated them it is no wonder that wave after wave of assailants beat against their position in vain. In one of the early fights the mutineers called out, "We will not fire on the Gurkhas, come over and join us." "Oh yes," was the reply, "we are coming," and they did come, but it was with a volley and a charge. On another occasion Major Reid was anxious to draw the enemy on, and accordingly, having previously warned his men of what he was going to do, sounded the retreat and fell back, halting his regiment under the brow of a hill. The enemy, who, of course, knew the bugle calls well, fell into the trap, and pressing on with the alacrity that Orientals always display in pursuit of a retiring foe, paid dearly for their mistake. None but staunch troops could have been safely withdrawn in this way under fire. Another time Major Reid, returning from the front, after an engagement, saw a boy not more than thirteen years of age crouching behind a rock, and armed with a rifle. Suspecting it was one of his line boys, he went up to him and found that it was so. The boy had accompanied his father into action, and when the latter was knocked over he took his rifle and ammunition and went on with the regiment. He displayed with great pride four distinct wounds made by one bullet which had gone through both his legs. Recognising that he was one of the right sort, Major Reid at once admitted him into the ranks and then promoted him corporal. He served throughout the remainder of the siege, receiving two more wounds, and eventually became a native officer, and is, I believe, still serving.

The final assault was the only occasion on which the Gurkhas failed to carry out the task assigned them, the storming of Kissengunge, but it was through no slackness on their part. The absence of artillery, the loss of their commandant, struck down early in the day, and the misbehaviour of a contingent of Jummoo troops, sufficiently account for the mishap. The services of the Gurkhas were fully recognised by the Government, and no regiment left

Delhi with a higher reputation. The other Gurkha regiments remained equally loyal, and were engaged in the suppression of the mutiny, but none of them had such an opportunity as Delhi afforded to the Sirmoor Battalion. There was an alarming ebullition in the Nusseree Battalion, stationed near Simla, when the general outbreak took place, but it had nothing to do with the rising of the Bengal army, and the men promptly returned to duty when their grievances were redressed.

In the almost annual expeditions on the north-west frontier the Gurkhas have been largely employed, especially the 5th Regiment, which forms part of the Punjab Frontier Force, and they have shown themselves just as good soldiers in the hills as in the plains. On one occasion a little Gurkha called out to his British officer: "Hide behind me, and I will protect you from the fire." As the latter was a stalwart man of inches the shelter would have been ludicrously inadequate, but the offer, though not accepted, was kindly meant.

In 1875 the 1st Gurkhas were engaged with a novel species of foe, the Malays of the Malay Peninsula, and, as ever, did their duty manfully.

The Afghan war saw the whole of the Gurkha regiments in the field, and all had their share of hard work. The 5th Regiment served under Sir F. Roberts in his advance on Kabul and his defence of that place; the 2nd and 4th formed part of the relieving force under Sir C. Gough; the 3rd greatly distinguished themselves at Ahmed Khel in repelling a charge of Ghazis that was pushed home with fanatical desperation; the 2nd, 4th, and 5th were selected to take part in the famous march to Kandahar, and were engaged in the victory outside its walls. Here a Gurkha of the 2nd Regiment stuffed his cap into a captured gun to establish the claim of his regiment to the trophy.

This paper does not profess to give a complete military history of the Gurkhas, nor does my space admit of it, but enough evidence has been adduced to show what valuable auxiliaries we have in these splendid little soldiers. "Malheureusement il n'y en a pas beaucoup," to slightly alter Marshal Bugeaud's saying. However, their numbers have been considerably increased of late

years. Each of the five old regiments has received a second battalion, and the three regiments permanently stationed on our eastern frontier, the 42nd, 43rd, and 44th, are now all Nepaulese. It is from these last that the men were drawn who composed Mr. Quinton's escort on his late disastrous mission to Manipur. They are mostly from eastern Nepaul, and hitherto have done their work satisfactorily, and are now engaged in restoring order in Manipur.

The inevitable result of this increase must be a much larger infusion of men of this stamp, not only into the new battalions but into the old. It might be better to reserve the western Gurkhas for the regiments stationed near the north-west frontier; the eastern men are quite good enough for any work on the Assam border, being men of fine physique, and probably better than the bulk of our native troops. The 3rd Gurkhas are largely made up of Kumaon men, who were not formerly regarded as equal to the regular fighting tribes, but they emerged from the fiery ordeal of Ahmed Khel with conspicuous credit, and it is reasonable to hope that the new battalions, when the test comes, may prove themselves equally trustworthy.

Service with Gurkha regiments has always been eagerly sought for, and many fine soldiers have been and are among their officers. Fisher, Reid, Macpherson, McIntyre, Tytler, Lyster, Cook—the last five Victoria Cross men—are only a few of them. Their constant employment on active service is a great attraction, and that their services are still in demand is shown by the fact that at the time this paper was written six or seven Gurkha battalions were in the field.

Much of what I have set down is well known to those who have served in India, especially to those who have seen Gurkhas in action; but there are many who do not discriminate between the somewhat heterogeneous elements that make up our Indian army It is for their benefit that I write, in the hope of contributing something to their knowledge and appreciation of our valiant little brothers in arms.

N. G. LYTTELTON.

THE SIMIAN TONGUE.

IN coming before the world with a new theory, I am aware that it may have to undergo many repairs, and be modified by many new ideas. On entering the world of science, it begins its "struggle for life," and under the law of "the survival of the fittest" its fate must be decided. I am aware that it is heresy to doubt the dogmas of science as well as of some religious sects; but sustained by proofs too strong to be ignored, I am willing to incur the ridicule of the wise and the sneer of bigots, and assert that "articulate speech" prevails among the lower primates, and that their speech contains the rudiments from which the tongues of mankind could easily develop; and to me it seems quite possible to find proofs to show that such is the origin of human speech.

I have long believed that each sound uttered by an animal had a meaning which any other animal of the same kind would interpret at once. Animals soon learn to interpret certain words of man and to obey them, but never try to repeat them. When they reply to man, it is always in their own peculiar speech. I have often watched the conduct of a dog as he would speak, until I could interpret a meaning to his combined act and speech. I observed the same thing in other species with the same results; and it occurred to me that if I could correctly imitate these sounds I might learn to interpret them more fully and prove to myself whether it was really a uniform speech or not.

Some seven years ago, in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, I was deeply impressed by the conduct of a number of monkeys caged with a savage rib-nosed mandril, which they seemed to fear very much. The cage was divided by a wall through which was a small doorway leading from the inner to an outer compartment, in

which was a tall upright, supporting a platform at its top. Every movement of this mandril seemed to be closely watched by the monkeys that could see him, and instantly reported to those in the other compartment. The conduct of these monkeys so confirmed my belief and inspired me with new hopes and new zeal that I believed "the key to the secret chamber" was within my grasp. I regarded the task of learning the monkey tongue as very much the same as learning that of a strange race of mankind; more difficult in the degree of its inferiority, but less in volume. Year by year, as new ideas were revealed to me, new barriers arose, and I began to realise how great a task was mine. One difficulty was to *utter* the sounds I heard; another was to recall them; and yet another was to translate them. Impelled by an eternal hope, and not discouraged by poor success, I continued my studies as best I could, in the gardens of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and with such specimens as I could find with the travelling menagerie museum, or hand organ, or aboard some ship, or kept as a pet in some family. They have all aided in teaching me the little I know of their native tongues. But at last came a revelation! A new idea dawned upon me; and after wrestling half a night with it I felt assured of ultimate success. I went to Washington, and called upon Dr. Frank Baker, Director of the National Zoological Garden and proposed the novel experiment of acting as interpreter between, two monkeys. Of course he laughed, but not in derision or in doubt, for scientific men are always credulous and believe all they are told. I then explained to him how it was possible, and he quite agreed with me. We set the time and prepared for the work. The plan was quite simple. We separated two monkeys which had been caged together, and placed them in separate rooms. I then arranged a phonograph near the cage of the female, and caused her to utter a few sounds, which were recorded on the cylinder. The machine was then placed near the cage containing the male, and the record repeated to him and his conduct closely studied. The surprise and perplexity of the male were evident.

He traced the sounds to the horn from which they came, and failing to find his mate he thrust his hand and arm into the horn quite up to his shoulder, withdrew it, and peeped into the horn

again and again. He would then retreat and again cautiously approach the horn, which he examined with evident interest. The expressions of his face were indeed a study. Having satisfied myself that he recognised the sounds as those of his mate, I next proceeded to record some of his efforts, but my success was not fully up to my hopes. Yet I had secured from him enough to win the attention of his mate, and elicit from her some signs of recognition. And thus, for the first time in the history of philology, the simian tongue was reduced to record. My belief was now confirmed, and the faith of others strengthened. I noted some of the defects in my experiment, and provided against them for the future. Some weeks later, in the Chicago Zoological Garden, I made some splendid phonographic records; and thence I went to the Cincinnati Garden, where I secured, among others, a fine, distinct record of the two chimpanzees, all of which I brought home with me for study. I placed them on the machine and repeated them over and over, until I became quite familiar with the sounds and improved myself very much in my efforts to utter them. I returned to Cincinnati and Chicago some weeks later, and tried my skill as a linguist with a degree of success far beyond my wildest hopes.

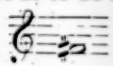
Having described to some friends who were with me the word I would use, I stood for a while with my side turned to the cage containing a capuchin monkey (*cebus capucinus*). I uttered the word or sound which I had translated "milk." My first effort caught his ear and caused him to turn and look at me. On repeating it some three or four times he answered me very distinctly with the same word I had used, and then turned to a small pan kept in the cage for him to drink from. I repeated the word again, and he placed the pan near the front of the cage and came quite up to the bars and uttered the word. I had not shown him any milk or anything of the kind. But the man in charge then brought me some milk, which I gave to him, and he drank it with great zest; then looked at me, held up the pan, and repeated the sound some three or four times. I gave him more milk, and thus continued till I was quite sure he used the same sound each time he wanted milk.

I next described to the friends who were with me a word

which was very hard to render well, but I translated it "to eat." I now held a banana in front of the cage and he at once gave the word I had described. Repeated tests showed to me that he used the same word for apple, carrot, bread, and banana, hence I concluded that it meant "food," or "hunger," as also "to eat." After this I began on a word which I had interpreted "pain," or "sick," and with such result as made me feel quite sure I was not far from right. My next word was "weather," or "storm," and while the idea may seem far-fetched, I felt fairly well sustained by my tests. For many other words I had a vague idea of a meaning, and still believe that I can verify them in the end. These are only a few of many trials I have made to solve the problem of the simian tongue, and while I have only gone a step, as it were, I believe that I have found a clue to the great secret of speech, and pointed out the way which leads to its solution.

I went next to the Cincinnati Garden. When the visitors had left the monkey-house I approached the cage of a capuchin monkey, and found him crouched in the rear of his cage. I spoke to him in his own tongue, using the word which I had called "milk." He rose, answered me with the same word, and came at once to the front of the cage. He looked at me as if in doubt, and I repeated the word; he did the same, and turned at once to a small pan in the cage, which he picked up and placed near the door at the side, and returned to me and uttered the word again. I asked the keeper for milk, which he did not have, however, but brought me some water. The efforts of my little simian friend to secure the glass were very earnest, and the pleading manner and tone assured me of his extreme thirst. I allowed him to dip his hand into the glass and he would suck his fingers and reach again I kept the glass from reach of his hand, and he would repeat the sound and beg for more. I was thus convinced that the word I had translated "milk" must also mean "water," and from this and other tests, I at last determined that it meant also "drink" and probably "thirst." I have never seen a capuchin monkey that did not use these two words. The sounds are very soft and not unlike a flute; very difficult to imitate and quite impossible to write They are purely vocal, except faint traces of "h" or "wh" as in

the word "who"; a very feeble "w"; and here and there a slight gutteral "ch."

To imitate the word which I interpret "food," fix the mouth as if to whistle: draw the tongue far back into the mouth, and try to utter the word "who" by blowing. The pitch of sound is a trifle higher than the cooing of a pigeon, and not wholly unlike it. The phonics appear to me to be "wh-u-w," with the consonant elements so faint as to be almost imaginary. In music the tone is F sharp, thus  and this seems to be the vocal pitch of the entire species, though they have a wide range of voice. The sound which I have translated "drink" or "thirst" is nearly uttered by relaxing and parting the lips, and placing the tongue as it is found in ending the German word "ich," and in this position try to utter "ch-e-u-w," making the "ch" like "k," blending the "e" and "u" like "slurred" notes in music, and suppressing the "w" as in the first case. The consonant elements can barely be detected, and the tone is about an octave higher than the word used for "food." Another sound I suspected was a "menace" or "cry of alarm," but I was unable to utter it, except with the phonograph; but during February I had access to a fine specimen of the capuchin, in Charleston, S.C. On my first visit to him I found him very gentle, and we at once became good friends. He ate from my hands and seemed to regard me very kindly. The next day, while feeding him, I uttered the peculiar sound of "alarm," whereupon he sprang at once to a perch in the top of his cage, and as I continued the sound he seemed almost frantic with fright. I could not tempt him by any means to come down. I then retired some twenty feet from the cage, and his master (of whom he is very fond) induced him to come down from the perch, and while he was fondling him I gave the alarm from where I stood. He jumped again to his perch and nothing would induce him to leave it while I remained in sight. The next day, on my approach, he fled to his perch and I could not induce him on any terms to return. It is now some time since I began my visits, and I have never, since his first fright, induced him to accept anything from me, and only with great patience can I get him to leave his perch at all, although I have not repeated this peculiar

sound since my third visit, nor can I again elicit a reply from him when I say his word for "food" or "drink."

This sound may be fairly imitated by placing the back of the hand very gently to the mouth, and kissing it, drawing in the air, and producing a shrill, whistling sound, prolonged and slightly circumflexed.

Its pitch is the highest F sharp on the piano. It is not whistled, however, by a monkey, but is made with the vocal organs. While this is the highest vocal pitch of a capuchin, there are other sounds much more difficult to imitate or describe. It must be remembered that an attempt to *spell* a sound which is almost an absolute vowel, can at best convey only a very imperfect idea of the true sounds or the manner of uttering them.

I have access also to another specimen of the same variety, with which I am experimenting, but I have never tried the "alarm" on him as I do not wish to lose his friendship. He uses all the words I know in his language, and speaks them well.

My work has been confined chiefly to the capuchin monkey, because he seems to have one of the best defined languages of any of his genus, besides being less vicious and more willing to treat one civilly. So far as I have seen, the capuchin is the Caucasian of the monkey race. The chimpanzee has a strong but monotonous voice, confined to a small range of sounds, but affords a fine study while in the act of talking. I have not gone far enough with him as yet to give much detail of his language. There are only three in America now, and they talk but little and are hard to record. I have recorded but one sound made by a sooty monkey; three by a mandril; five by the white-face sapajou; and a few of less value. But from the best proof I have found I have arrived, as I believe, at some strange facts, which I shall here state.

1. The simian tongue has about eight or nine sounds, which may be changed by modulation into three or four times that number.

2. They seem to be half-way between a whistle and a pure vocal sound, and have a range of four octaves, and so far as I have tried they all chord with F sharp on a piano.

3. The sound used most is very much like "u"-"oo," in "shoot."

The next one something like "e" in "be." So far I find no a, i, or o.

4. Faint traces of consonant sounds can be found in words of low pitch, but they are few and quite feeble; but I have had cause to believe that they develop in a small degree by a change of environment.

5. The present state of their speech has been reached by development from a lower form.

6. Each race or kind has its own peculiar tongue, slightly shaded into dialects, and the radical or cardinal sounds do not have the same meanings in all tongues.

7. The words are monosyllabic, ambiguous and collective, having no negative terms except resentment.

8. The phonic character of their speech is very much the same as that of children in their early efforts to talk, except as regards the pitch.

9. Their language seems to obey the same laws of change and growth as human speech.

10. When caged together one monkey will learn to understand the language of another kind, but does not try to speak it. His replies are in his own vernacular.

11. They use their lips in talking in very much the same way that men do; but seldom speak when alone or when not necessary.

12. I think their speech, compared to their physical, mental, and social state, is in about the same relative condition as that of man by the same standard.

13. The more fixed and pronounced the social and gregarious instincts are in any species, the higher the type of its speech.

14. Simians reason from cause to effect, and their reasoning differs from that of man *in degree, but not in kind.*

To reason, they *must think*, and if it be true that *man cannot think without words*, it must be true of monkeys: hence, they must formulate those thoughts into words, and words are the natural exponents of thoughts.

15. Words are the audible, and signs the visible, expression of thought, and any voluntary sound made by the vocal organs with a constant meaning is a word.

16. The state of their language seems to correspond with their power to think, and to express their thoughts.

If we compare the tongues of civilised races with those of the savage tribes of Africa which are confined to a few score of words, we gain some idea of the growth of language within the limits of our own genus. The few wants and simple modes of life in such a state account for this paucity of words ; and this small range of sounds gives but little scope for vocal development, and hence their difficulty in learning to speak the tongues of civilised men. This is, doubtless, the reason why the negroes of the United States, after a sojourn of two hundred years with the white race, are unable to utter the sounds of "th," "thr," and other double consonants ; the former of which they pronounce "d" if breathing, and "t" if aspirate ; the latter like "trw." The sound of "v" they usually pronounce "b," while "r" resembles "w" or "rw" when initial, and as a final is usually entirely suppressed. They have a marked tendency to omit auxiliaries and final sounds, and in all departures from the higher types of speech tend back to ancestral forms. I believe, if we could apply the rule of perspectives and throw our vanishing point far back beyond the chasm that separates man from his simian prototype, that we should find one unbroken outline, tangent to every circle of life from man to protozoa, in language mind, and matter.

The sage of science finds the fossil rays of light still shining in the chamber of sleeping epochs, and by their aid he reads the legends on the guide-posts of time ; but the echoes of time are lost and its lips are dumb ; hence our search for the first voice of speech must come within the brief era of man ; but if his prototype survives, does not his parent speech survive ? If the races of mankind may be the progeny of the simian stock, may not their languages be the progeny of the simian tongue ?

R. L. GARNER.

FOLIOS AND FOOTLIGHTS.

SHALL I tell you a deadly secret? As a "true blue Meredith man" (to borrow Robert Louis Stevenson's enthusiastic confession of faith), I have tried to persuade myself that *One of Our Conquerors* has all the best qualities of its author. I have wrestled with that story, and listened for the great heart-throb of its mystery. I have clung to the belief up to the very last page that there must be some profound significance somewhere. I have read all the reviews which the other Meredith men have written, and recruited patience with their robust assertion that in the third volume George Meredith rises to the Pisgah heights of prophetic vision. But reverent disciple as I am, exhausted nature can no longer withstand the conviction that the matter of this book is tortured to death by the manner. There is genuine tragedy in the lives of Victor and Nataly, haunted by the vindictive piety of Mrs. Burman. There is pathos in Nesta's discovery of the smirch on her mother's fame through her pity for the declassed Judith Marsett. Mr. Meredith has the materials for as moving a tale of frailty, fortitude, and tragic irony as his genius could wish. Yet everything is spoilt by a stifling perversity which buries the human interest under mountains of intellectual lumber. One thing Mr. Meredith has done which is surely the climax of his disastrous method. He has created the most appalling Bore in English fiction. Your bore is generally a dull man, a moral portent, a monster of glib self-sufficiency; but George Meredith's champion Bore is a philosopher and a satirist, whose wit is admired and dreaded and perpetually quoted. His name is Colney Durance, and when he is not favouring the company with some laborious

One of Our Conquerors. By George Meredith. (Chapman and Hall.)

epigram, he is inspiring them with reminiscences of his maxims. Colney at first hand is bad enough, but the second-hand Colney, the Colney who is on everybody's tongue, the "old Colney" of affectionate remembrance, who turns up in every conversation—"as Colney says," or "Colney is right," or, "Now, you are like Colney"—I say it is exasperating to have this personage's unintelligible humours thrust upon you in nearly every page, while the unfortunate story is not allowed to have a chance. There is another tiresome humorist, Simeon Fenellan; and there are a dozen images stuffed with Meredith eccentricities, and endowed with a strange distorted speech which makes it a marvel that they should understand one another. It goes to the heart of a Meredith man to write this; but the truth is that there is not a simple, direct, and natural utterance in the whole book except one or two outbursts of the declassed Judith, and a curious piece of love-making by a lady who has nothing whatever to do with the narrative. There is very little of the old power of characterisation, and as for the philosophy, though there are brilliant and subtle things here and there, flashes of that insight in which Mr. Meredith has few equals, many of these mysterious sayings are only commonplaces tattooed with undecipherable symbols.

After this I have a feeling of remorse and misgiving, and I turn to the passage which says that "the louder members of the grey public are fraternally instant to spurn at the whip of that which they do not immediately comprehend." Is it possible that this rebuke has a special import for me? Am I a backslider from the faith, or can it be that *One of Our Conquerors* is quite unworthy of the hand which wrote *Richard Feverel?* I leave the problem to you, for at this moment I am mournfully conscious of an incapacity to comprehend why grey should be the particular tint of the public. But I should say that uniform drab was the colour of Mr. George Gissing's world. Here is one of the realists who annoy Mr. Oscar Wilde by building on a basis of facts, instead of remodelling life according to a theory of art. Mr. Gissing has observed actual people in the reading-room of the British Museum, in the by-ways of minor journalism, and the sordid paths of the literature which means bookmaking. In this Grub Street the poor novelist nearly

New Grub Street. By George Gissing. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

starves in his garret, the hack writer loses his eyesight, and success comes only to the journalist who makes his way as much by scheming as by his pen. I cannot understand why Jasper Milvain, whose cynicism has a fresh and agreeable flavour, could not earn more than thirty pounds a year when he was learning the journalist's trade. There is more truth in Edwin Reardon, whose delicate talent is extinguished by grinding poverty, and by his wife's unsympathetic materialism. The tragedy of these two is powerfully written; but is there no sunshine in Grub Street? Even the amiable novelist of "the ignobly decent," who lives contentedly on toast and dripping, is driven to prussic acid in the end when Reardon's widow will not smile upon him. With all its force and grasp of character, the book leaves a sense of unreality because some squalid destiny broods upon every page; yet it has a sombre fascination which is rare in modern English fiction. The three-volume novel at its best presses heavily on one's spirits. Have you ever looked at the Morgue on the bookstalls of Mr. Smith? There you will see the lifeless forms of novels which have been drowned in the waters of public indifference. Soiled volumes stare at you from a box which is labelled "This lot one-and-six," and as you read the names of the corpses in dirty gilt letters, you wonder whether dead bad books have souls and what sort of a limbo they dwell in.

Well, it is pleasant to commend the genuinely artistic work which sometimes comes in the questionable shape of three volumes, and I am glad to note the delicate observation and skilful handling of character in Lady Lindsay's charming story. But O, my friend, do you know the joy of finding a little book in which you pass from one harmony of humour and feeling to another, and at the end can hear all the strains mingling in a stream of melody? There is a young man called "Q." They tell me he has violet eyes and orange yellow curls, and I can picture him sitting on a Cornish rock, tuning his lyre to the legends of the west country; for his prose stories are full of poetry, and yet they come nearer the springs of life and passion than many a work which aims at reproducing the actuality of humanity and succeeds in showing that the literal is not literature. "Q" is, I think, our only English writer who has mastered the art of the short story. In America it is practised with notable

Bertha's Earl. By Lady Lindsay. (Richard Bentley and Son.

Noughts and Crosses. By "Q." (Cassell and Co.)

skill by a number of hands, though it is too often stranded in negro dialect. But Miss Wilkins's stories are delightful studies of New England character, finished with a delicacy almost as minute as Jane Austen's. Two of them, "A Village Singer," and "A Gala Dress," seem to me the perfection of this form of fiction. The pathos of commonplace lives, especially the lives of old forlorn women, was never presented with a finer sympathy. There is not the slightest strain of sentiment, nor any of that dreary exaggeration of detail which is the besetting vice of the realist; but every picture is painted with an exquisite sense of proportion which impresses it on the memory in abiding colours. Curiously enough, Mr. Eugene Field's stories are mostly fairy tales, and the most striking thing in his verse is an attempt to revive the spelling of Chaucer. I should have thought Chicago, where I last saw this genial humorist, the one spot in the universe where mediævalism was most unlikely to prove an active inspiration. Do the pilgrims of the *Canterbury Tales* revisit the glimpses of the moon on the shores of Lake Michigan? Or are the fantasies of American spelling insufficient for the restless ambition of the Western scribe? But when the first shock of surprise was over I found these "profitable tales" full of graceful fancy, and though I don't much relish the Chicago Chaucer, and cannot recognise Eugene Field in a paraphrase of the Psalms, some of his verse is likely to haunt me. There is a poem called "Our Lady of the Mine," quite worthy of Bret Harte. "Our Lady" is the picture of a woman, painted by a miner and worshipped by the camp.

A New England Nun, and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.)

A Little Book of Profitable Tales. By Eugene Field. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.)

A Little Book of Western Verse, By Eugene Field. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.)

> "But one mean cuss from Nigger Creek passed criticism on 'er—
> Leastways we overheerd him call her Pettibone's madonner,
> The which we did not take to be respectful to a lady,
> So we hung him in a quiet spot that wuz cool, 'nd dry, 'nd shady."

I wonder whether this seclusion in a dry and shady spot would befall Mr. Oscar Wilde if he were to indulge in art criticism in a primitive community. In such an emergency he would probably murmur, "Hang me on an apple tree in May, so that I may break the tedious monotony of blossom." Nothing distresses him so much as praise of Nature. Sunsets are tiresome; when he

Intentions. By Oscar Wilde (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.)

was at last compelled by politeness to look at one, he found it a bad copy of Turner. Nature wearies him with her iteration, and the only life worth living is an imitation of art. Real people have no interest for him; but the death of Lucien de Rubempré was "one of the greatest tragedies of his life." "It is a grief from which I have never been able to completely rid myself." It seems a pity that there should be a real Oscar Wilde, and that he was not invented by some novelist who put these paradoxical affectations into his mouth, and then filled us all with incurable grief by killing him. Yet apart from his elaborate absurdities, which are merely æsthetic advertisements—the sky-signs of an artistic individuality—Mr. Wilde claims attention by his real enthusiasm for art. He writes too much in what I may call the honey-comb style. Sickly sweets ooze from every cell, till you yearn for a little wholesome dry toast. But he is at least a genuine apostle of the decorative school, and that school has its place in art, though the predominance of colour over definite form and meaning is often no more than an excuse for fine writing and meandering periods which lead to nothing.

But after all, what we crave for in literature is the expression of an interesting temperament, even at the risk of the monotonous repetition which turns paradox into platitude. Miss Dowie has drilled the Karpathians in a manner which deserves Mr. Oscar Wilde's admiration. They are respectfully subordinate to this young lady's picturesque personality, and she stands out in relief against them, a symbol of woman's superiority to the rest of the universe. The frank enjoyment of her independence, the indifference to commonplace codes and standards, the determination to set down everything as she saw it, and not as Mrs. Grundy might think it ought to be seen; above all, the sparkling style and the vivid touches of description, make this volume as piquant as a new sauce. True, I know just as little about Ruthenia now as I did before the book was published. It contains no statistics, scarcely any facts, and a coloured map which seems to be a kind of joke in geography, for it is delightfully useless. But I am grateful to the Ruthenians because they have revealed Miss Dowie, and I regard the Karpathians with the affectionate interest which you

A Girl in the Karpathians. By Ménie Muriel Dowie. (George Philip and Son.)

take in a remote relative who unexpectedly leaves you a handsome legacy.

I heard the other day that Henrik Ibsen proposed to visit London to express in person his astonishment at the success of *Hedda Gabler* on our stage. He certainly owes much to Miss Elizabeth Robins and the company of players who have drawn even the scoffers to the Vaudeville. It is not likely that Ibsen troubles himself about the general drift of hostile criticism, but he may be amused to learn that his play is bad, his characters impossible, and his dialogue rubbish; a sweeping judgment which is genially modified by the assertion that the players have endowed the impossible characters with life, and the twaddling dialogue with point. The truth is that *Hedda Gabler* is a very powerful piece of dramatic analysis; if it were not, all the acting in the world would not give it vitality. It has been left to Mr. Grant Allen to say the most striking thing about Hedda. She is "the girl we take down to dinner nineteen times out of twenty." After that I expect my companion at dinner to hand me the fish-knife with a whispered request to "do it beautifully." What amuses me most is that there have been plentiful Heddas in English plays, who have not excited this moral ferment simply because they were mere theatrical puppets. But it is a comfort to escape from the Ibsen controversy into an atmosphere where there can be no reality. The players in *L'Enfant Prodigue* are triumphant though inarticulate. Told in words their story would probably be uninteresting enough; told in gesture, with the aid of music, it is entrancing. The art is so subtle that language is for the time deposed, and you only regret that a similar marvel cannot be performed in Mr. George Meredith's novel. Ellen Terry comes very near it in *Nance Oldfield*, in which the charm of what she says is incomparably less than the charm with which she says it. And can this be the mother of the stalwart youth round whom she skips with such vivacity? Well, I am thankful to be still young enough to appreciate the ghost of the *Corsican Brothers*, and to feel a shudder when Mr. Irving screws cold steel into Chateau Renaud.

L. F. AUSTIN.

*** *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*